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POPULAR STUDIES IN LITERATURE







Robert Burns

HOME STUDY CIRCLE

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SEYMOUR EATON

40733

LITERATURE

I. ROBERT BURNS
II. SIR WALTER SCOTT
III. LORD BYRON

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INTRODUCTORY STUDY.

In the study of all human effort it is the personal element that is the most interesting. It is also the most fructifying. This is the justification of biography. This is the reason why, in the study of literature for example, so much of the work is rightfully the study of the lives and characters of authors.

We recognize the truth of the principle instinctively. We feel readily enough that we are not so much concerned in knowing the characteristics of a great man's greatness, the limitations of it, the history of it, as we are in knowing what sort of man it was who was great. We want to know how the qualities to which his greatness was due comported with the other qualities that he had. In plain words, we want to see how nearly the individual characteristics of a great man are like the characteristics of common humanity.

It is the universal instinct of self-betterment that prompts this feeling. We know well that the inspiration of a great example is possible only when it seems possible. That it may seem possible it must proceed from a life not wholly unlike our own. The example of a great life would be valueless to us if that life were so unlike our own as to have nothing in common with it.

Burns, Scott, and Byron were all great men; and in

the lives of every one of the three there is an inspiration for any one that seeks it. But the inspiration to be derived from the life of Burns is far greater than that to be derived from the lives of the other two. Why? Because we instinctively recognize in Burns a great human heart, that is to say, a heart throbbing in complete unison with the great common heart of humanity. "He was touched with the feeling of our infirmities," — could this be said of any human being if not of Burns?

Who can read his life without tears — tears of sympathy and sorrow welling up at almost every turn in the story? Intrinsically so noble, and yet by the stress of his environment, and by mistakes of judgment and of conduct, condemned to a life that had so much that was ignoble in it. How typical of the life so many have to live!

It was the fashion, for some fifty years or more, for the world strongly to condemn Burns. But that fashion has passed away. The world has forgiven him. Not a fault or a failing but has been forgiven to him richly. And this not by reason of any newly developed looseness of judgment or newly developed laxity of principle; but because the world has recognized in him a heart that, had years been granted him, would have turned out all right: —

> "Wha does the utmost that he can,
> Will whyles do mair."

Scott was born under a brighter star. Inherited tendencies, parental influences, education, social advantages, character, disposition, mental endowment, the circumstances of his environment and his existence generally,

all led up to the realization of a great success. In scarcely any other than one thing, in all his life, did Scott fail to make the most of himself and his chances.

But had not that one mistake been made, had not Scott entangled himself in the business of printing and publishing, and so in the end brought ruin upon his fine fabric of realized hopes and dreams, who will say that his life would have had the same interest for posterity, or that his fame would have endured so perpetually resplendent in all its pristine wonder of brilliancy and power? Even without our knowing it, our judgment of the poet and the romancist is influenced by our appreciation of the character of the man in whom the poet and the romancist were existent. We cannot even think of Scott without thinking of the heroic fortitude of him who at fifty-five years of age sat down to write off by the earnings of his pen a debt of $750,000!

For Scott we have nothing but admiration and wonder; but for Byron, as for Burns, there must always be pity. The pity, however, proceeds not from so deep or so general a spring. Every heart finds in Burns an answering throb of tenderness and brotherhood: —

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And the days of auld lang syne?"

"For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea stamp —
The man 's the gowd for a' that."

But Byron's freedom-loving spirit is frequently a thing of books and culture, and his sentiment the utterance of a feeling wholly personal to himself without even the suggestion of a general application: —

> "Arouse ye Goths and glut your ire."
>
> "A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine —
> Dash down your cup of Samian wine."
>
> "Teach me — too early taught by thee!
> To bear, forgiving and forgiven:
> On earth thy love was such to me
> It fain would form my hope in heaven."

Besides, there was a note of unreality in Byron. His griefs, his sorrows, his despairs, were melodramatic. His loving was hyperbolical and effusive. Even his passionate utterances for freedom lacked "the one thing needful," the air of conviction. It was only in his satire — his on-rushing, over-rushing, everywhere-pervading floods of invective and denunciation, glowing with fiery wit and sarcasm as waves of the sea are at times lit up by sunlight — that Byron appeared in his own true, unapproachable self. Yet when he was in this mood, his mind was not always at its sanest. But it was always at its mightiest.

But despite the unreality and the putting forward of himself as an object of commiseration, and the bookishness of his rhapsodies on liberty, freedom, etc., there was nevertheless much in Byron that was genuinely true and honest; much, too, that, if considered well, still merits our sympathy. The stars ran evil in their courses the day of his nativity. That he was not a far worse

man than he was is no fault of those who were responsible for his birth and being. If we see things in his character and conduct that we would condemn, we must remember that, had not nature been resisted by genius, the probabilities all are that Byron's life would have been wholly trivial and self-indulgent.

The truth remains, then, that to understand Byron aright, precisely as to understand Burns aright, it is necessary to understand the man's life, the man's inherited disposition and tendencies, the man's character and personality, and the circumstances under which he lived his life. Almost every poem that Byron wrote was a revelation of personal feeling or experience. Knowing this, and knowing, too, how much he had to bear that was no burden of his own making, we can but read him with our hearts open to his moods, matching our own moods to his as best we may.

With Scott how all this is different! Scott is almost as free from personal moods as Shakespeare. Whether he be in prose or verse, at every turn we take we feel that we are in the charge of sanity and discretion. We may resign our individual judgments if we will, for we may be sure we shall never be called upon to give ear to thoughts other than the noblest and the purest.

It is a natural and not altogether profitless question to enquire: Of the three, Burns, Scott, and Byron, which is the greatest? Scott and Byron have certainly filled the greater places in literary history. Scott, the founder of the modern historical romance, the unapproachable reproducer of historical place, time, and

event, the creator of characters as many and as real as those Shakespeare ushered into the world, is without doubt one of the very greatest names in literary history.

Byron's name is not nearly so great, yet, even so, his greatness is considerable. He will remain a star of the first magnitude to all time. As a poet he far surpassed Scott, not merely in immediate popularity, but also in range of theme and variety of composition. He will never again be so popular as he once was, but time cannot wither the laurels that are rightfully his due for some of his descriptive and reflective pieces, and especially for his satire. Satire is not a high kind of poetry; but such as it is, in certain qualities of it Byron is supreme.

Poor Burns' achievement was smaller, much smaller, than either Scott's or Byron's, even if Scott's prose work be dropped out of account. A few poetical epistles, a few satires, a few occasional pieces, and his songs — that was all. His was no lettered ease, or life of professional dignity and comfort. Working on his farm — at the plough's tail, or hedging, ditching, scything, flailing; or toiling at his excise work — journeying four hundred miles on horseback fortnightly — what little he conceived could come to him only in flashes of inspiration, to be afterwards put down by pen and ink in snatches of time stolen from needful rest. But as to that little — what shall we say of it? What can we say of it, except that much of it is the human intellect's choicest mintage?

A thousand years from now, amid the stress of all the interests that will occupy the world's attention at that date, who will be able to read "Childe Harold," or

even "Don Juan"? A thousand years from now, who, indeed, will ever find time to read "The Lady of the Lake" or "Ivanhoe"; or even "Kenilworth" or "Old Mortality"? And yet may we not safely say that such songs as "Ae fond kiss and then we sever," or "O wert thou in the cauld blast," or "Thou lingering star with lessening ray," or "Ye banks and braes and streams around," or "Of a' the airts the winds can blaw," will be read and sung and treasured in memory's storehouse as the richest of her treasures, as long as our present civilization endures? And why say this of these songs of Burns rather than of Byron's satires or of Scott's great romances? Because Burns' songs deal simply and directly, yet beautifully and ennoblingly, with that primary passion of the human heart — the love of man for woman, the love of woman for man. Until love itself shall die, and be cast out, these songs of love will endure. And we have no warrant for thinking that love in heart of man or woman will ever grow less strong or less pure than it is to-day.

JOHN EBENEZER BRYANT.

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ROBERT BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS.

BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY.

BURNS is the world's greatest lyric poet. He is also the national poet of Scotland, — the poet revered and loved by Scotsmen the wide world over. The genius of Burns for song writing was of the very highest order. For the writing of poetry of every sort it was of the highest order also, only, unfortunately, he gave to the world few proofs of his genius other than in songs. The story of his life is inexpressibly sad. The great powers with which he was endowed were only partially employed. Oftentimes, too, they were employed on themes unworthy of them. Oppressed with care and anxiety, defeated of hope, broken in health, broken also in courage and in fortitude to resist evil, he came to an untimely end; and the last years of his life, years in the very prime of manhood, that should have been his happiest years and fruitful of the noblest accomplishment, were the saddest years of all, and fruitful of little but disappointment and sorrow.

Robert Burns was born in a cottage (still standing) near "Alloway's haunted kirk," and the "Auld Brig o' Doon," about two miles from the town of Ayr, on Jan-

uary 25, 1759. His father, a man of Scotland's noblest type, had come from Kincardineshire, and was a gardener, and at the time of the poet's birth was making a livelihood by cultivating a small nursery garden. His



BURNS' COTTAGE, ALLOWAY.

mother, whom the poet much resembled both in features and in address, and whom he tenderly loved, was a woman also of the noblest type, who possessed an "inexhaustible store of ballads and traditionary tales," which she made the delightful entertainment of her gifted son during all his years of childhood and youth.

When Burns was seven years old his father gave up his nursery garden, and took a farm two miles from the "Brig o' Doon," called Mount Oliphant. At Mount

Oliphant the family remained for eleven years, or until the poet was in his eighteenth year. The Mount Oliphant farm, however, proved to be a very bottomless pit to the industry of its occupants. Not the conscientious and zealous labors of the father, nor the overworked strength of the young poet and his brother, nor



ROOM IN WHICH BURNS WAS BORN.

the frugal, self-denying endeavors of the mother, were of any avail in their long-continued struggle with its barrenness. Burns afterward spoke of his toils at Mount Oliphant as "the unceasing moil of a galley slave." But, worse, his constitution became irretrievably impaired in efforts as a lad to do the work of a man. The father, too, in his hopeless contest with his untoward lot, wore out his strength, and broke his health. In 1777, how-

ever, the Mount Oliphant lease ran out, and the family removed to Lochlea, a farm on the north bank of the river Ayr, in the parish of Tarbolton. Here they remained for seven years, or until the poet was in his twenty-fifth year. Although the farm at Lochlea was better than the one at Mount Oliphant, the hardships and privations of the previous eleven years of distress had left an irremediable effect upon the financial condition of the family. So that when the father died in February, 1784, the two brothers could with difficulty save enough from the wreck of his belongings to stock a new farm. However, they did the best they could; and in March (1784) the family moved to Mossgiel, a farm in the parish of Mauchline, about half a mile from Mauchline village on the river Ayr. Mossgiel was the home of Burns from his twenty-fifth year until his twenty-ninth, — that is, until he set up a home for himself at Ellisland. It was at Mossgiel that Burns spent the happiest days of his life, if happy days he may have had. It was there that he was first recognized as a poet. It was there that his genius blossomed into its full flower. It was there that he wrote many of those poems for which he is held dearest in the hearts of his countrymen, and for which his name will be longest cherished by lovers of the beautiful and true in every land. It was there that he prepared his first volume of poems for printing, and it was from there that he went to Edinburgh to be received with acclaim as Scotland's wondrous "poet ploughman." And it was there he soon returned again, convinced that the applause of the world can be of little avail in a struggle with fate and the consequences of one's own misdoing. It was there, too, that he met and wooed his



THE TAM O'SHANTER INN, AYR.



INTERIOR OF THE BURNS COTTAGE.

"Jean," of "the belles of Mauchline" "the jewel o' them a'"; and it was from there (in 1788) that he brought her to the home he had proudly made for her at Ellisland.

Burns had the inestimable blessing of being born into a family where integrity, honor, sobriety, and every other wholesome virtue had full sway. And not only were his parents virtuous — they were religious. The fear of God was a real and awful thing to them, and in the fear of God they endeavored to bring up their children. In that inimitable picture which the poet has drawn of rural Scottish home-life, "The Cotter's Saturday Night," every line is an image of the life he had lived in his humble home: —

"The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle[1] form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' bible, ance[2] his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets[3] wearing thin and bare:
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide
He wales[4] a portion with judicious care;
And 'Let us worship God!' he says, with solemn air."

And despite toil and poverty, and grievous disappointment of their hopes, father, mother, brothers, and sisters lived the God-fearing lives which these lines betoken, to the end. With Robert Burns it was different. The soul of honor in all matters relating to business, warm-hearted and true-hearted as a friend, dutiful and tender as a son and a brother, tender and dutiful, too, in all the obligations of husband and father, in two relations only

[1] Fireside. [2] Once. [3] Gray side-locks. [4] Chooses.

in life did he fail of that high standard which none knew better than he how to set forth and to make plain. In the pure affection of lover and maiden Burns often found a theme for his finest verse: —

"O happy love! — where love like this is found! —
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I 've pacèd much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare —
'If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'T is when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale.'"

And in the serenity of mind and independence of feeling that come from an unclouded conscience — not in worldly success, or honors, or in the comfort and ease that wealth can bring — Burns rightly placed his ideal of human happiness: —

"It 's no' in titles or in rank,
It 's no' in wealth like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It 's no' in makin' muckle mair,[1]
It 's no' in books, it 's no' in lear,[2]
To make us truly blest;
If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest:
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang;
The heart aye's the part aye
That makes us right or wrang."

[1] Much more. [2] Learning.



ROBERT BURNS.

But, alas, his own affections, tender and supremely loving though they were, often proved to be not only his own but others' undoing. The pathetic regret of "that exquisitely affecting stanza," which, as Sir Walter Scott has said, "contains the essence of a thousand love-tales," had unfortunately only too frequent occasion to be uttered by him: —

> "Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
> Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
> Never met — or never parted,
> We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

And his clear insight led him to depict his own weaknesses of either sort in a "confession" (a supposed epitaph upon himself), which Wordsworth with pathetic sympathy has declared to be "at once devout, poetical, and human," although unfortunately "a history in the shape of a prophecy," "a foreboding that was to be realized," "a record that has proved to be authentic": —

> "Is there a man whose judgment clear
> Can others teach the course to steer,
> Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
> Wild as the wave;
> Here pause — and, thro' the starting tear,
> Survey this grave.
>
> "The poor inhabitant below
> Was quick to learn and wise to know,
> And keenly felt the friendly glow
> And softer flame;
> But thoughtless follies laid him low
> And stain'd his name."

Among the blessings which Burns owed to the character of his father was his education. This education in

quantity was not much, but in quality it was inestimable. The grinding poverty which Mount Oliphant's barrenness imposed upon the fortunes of the elder Burns, precluded his securing for his children even the advantage of the instruction which a Scottish public school at that time afforded, cheaply obtained though this could be. But the zealous desire of this notable father to have his children educated was not to be frustrated by poverty or any other ill fortune. A teacher was secured, as poor perhaps as his pupils, who lived with the family, and instructed the young poet and his brothers and sisters, while the father also, it is said, supplemented the instruction of the teacher with his own help. It is doubtful if in any other home, even in Scotland, such an example of devotion to learning could have been presented. This teacher proved to be to the poet a veritable fount of inspiration; and under his friendly guidance, even after he ceased to be his pupil, Burns pursued a course of reading very different from that which most lads in his circumstances would have thought of following. His brother Gilbert says of him, that "no book was so voluminous as to slacken his energies." Even before he had left Mount Oliphant he was familiar with Shakespeare, Pope, and Addison. But his reading covered a far wider range than even these great authors, and included works in theology, philosophy, and history. When afterward he went to Edinburgh, though still a young man, the professors and litterateurs of that academic city were "astonished at his doctrine"; for his range of information, his insight into questions of political economy and metaphysics, the vigor and purity of his language, and the vigor and precision of his thought seemed to them

extraordinary. Burns continued to be a reader and a student even to the end; and though never in all his life was he other than very poor, and though only for a few short months had he money which he could freely spend, yet when he died it was found that his library was such as only a man of taste and of culture, and with a thirst for knowledge, would have been likely to get together; for it comprised the cream of what was then available in poetry, in the drama, in elegant literature, in works of fiction, in history, in general science, and in theology. It is doubtful if even in the politest circles of Edinburgh, Glasgow, or Aberdeen, there were any libraries richer in what was really best in the world's literature than that of the so-called ploughman Burns.

Burns' earliest, most constant, and most lasting literary passion was song-craft. He was only, as he himself has told us, in his "fifteenth autumn," when he composed his first poem; and this, like his very last poem, and like almost all of his best poems, was a song — a love-song. Burns himself thought it "a silly performance," but, nevertheless, it had in it that direct simplicity of expression which is the great charm of all his best work: —

"As bonnie lasses I hae seen
And mony full as braw;[1]
But for a modest, gracefu' mien,
The like I never saw.

. . . . . .

"She dresses aye[2] sae clean and neat,
Baith decent and genteel;
And then there 's something in her gait
Gars[3] ony dress look weel."[4]

[1] Well dressed. [2] Always. [3] Makes. [4] Well.

Even at the early age at which this poem was written, Burns' principal interest lay in the study of the songs and song-legends of his native land; and his fondest wish was to be able to add something to the lustre of his country's poetic fame: —

> "E'en then a wish — I mind its power —
> A wish that to my latest hour
> Shall strongly heave my breast,
> That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
> Some useful plan or book could make,
> Or sing a sang at least."

And this, through good repute and evil repute, through good fortune and ill fortune, was his chief desire all his life long. To achieve this desire he brought to bear both genius and industry. He was rarely idle, except in circumstances when others would have been idle also.

> "Leeze me on rhyme;[1] it 's aye a treasure,
> My chief, amaist my only pleasure,
> At hame, a-fiel', at wark or leisure,
> The Muse, poor hizzie![2]
> Tho' rough and raploch[3] be her measure,
> She 's seldom lazy."

And when in later years he found that his songs were welcomed by his countrymen as worthy to be ranked with any of the nation's best, he would not, although he needed money sadly, accept a penny of pay for any that he could contribute to the nation's stock; and gave utterance at once to his independence and his patriotism in words like these: —

[1] Hurrah for poetry. [2] Girl. [3] Coarse.

"I shall enter into your undertaking with all the small portion of abilities that I have, strained to their utmost exertion by the impulse of enthusiasm. . . . As to remuneration you may think my songs either above or below price; for they shall be absolutely one or the other. In the honest enthusiasm with which I embark in your undertaking, to talk of money, wages, fee, hire, etc., would be downright prostitution of soul."

Burns' poverty-burdened and irregular life, brightened though it had been by genius, wit, humor, and local fame, had ended, in 1786, when he was entering upon his twenty-eighth year, in utter discontent with himself, the gloomiest sort of despondency, and a determination to leave his native land and find a new home and, if possible, begin a new and better life on a plantation in the West Indies. The father of his chosen Jean would not allow him formally to marry her, and had himself destroyed the document which had certified to their secret contract. He was every moment in danger of being imprisoned because he could not furnish security for the upbringing of his infant children. His mind was distracted by other ties, — of one of which the memory, three years later, was the inspiration of the most beau-



MRS. BURNS (JEAN ARMOUR).

tiful of all his love lyrics, that immortal "burst of passion," as Professor Wilson calls it, beginning: —

"Thou ling'ring star with less'ning ray
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn;
Oh, Mary! dear, departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

And he was fast becoming a prey to despair: —

"Oppressed with grief, oppressed with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I set me down and sigh:
Oh, life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!
Dim backward as I cast my view,
What sickening scenes appear!
What sorrows yet may pierce me thro',
Too justly I may fear!
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom:
My woes here shall close ne'er
But with the closing tomb!"

So utterly helpless was Burns' position at this time (1786, when he was in his twenty-eighth year) that he had not money enough even to purchase a steerage passage to Jamaica, whither in his distress he had determined to flee. Some friends, however, suggested the publishing his poems, and took upon themselves the task of getting subscriptions for them. In July the little vol-

ume, "Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect, by Robert Burns," accordingly appeared. Though published in a country town (Kilmarnock, Ayrshire), unheralded by advertisements, and unnoticed by critics and reviewers, its fame soon spread throughout all the Scottish lowlands. Equally by learned and unlearned, by gentry and by people, was its author applauded as the bard of Scotland. With money obtained from the sale of the book the passage for Jamaica was secured and paid for, but the voyage was never undertaken. A change had come in the fortunes of the "Ayrshire Ploughman" (the name by which he was fondly called), both sudden and momentous. The literati of the nation sought him out. Great people of every degree evinced their interest in him, and honored him with their correspondence. Hope sprang up once more in his breast. With encouragement pouring in upon him from every quarter, he went to Edinburgh (November, 1786), in the thought that perchance some substantial good fortune would accrue to him there. So far as friendly attentions and kind words were of value, he was not disappointed. He was welcomed with the applause of the entire capital. He was fêted and he was feasted, and for a whole winter he was the lion of the town. His head, however, was never turned. He remained the same sincere, self-respecting poet ploughman he had ever been. He knew, perhaps only too well, the real significance of his sudden accession to fame; and he had good sense enough not to take it too seriously, — nay, even to treat it humorously: —

> "This wot ye all whom it concerns,
> I, Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
> October twenty-third,

A ne'er-to-be forgotten day,
So far I sprachled[1] up the brae,[2]
I dinner'd wi' a lord!

"[Yes] wi' a lord! — stand out my shin!
A lord — a peer — an earl's son!
Up higher yet my bonnet!
And sic a lord! — lang Scotch ells twa,[3]
Our peerage he o'erlooks them a',
As I look o'er my sonnet."

By April of the next year (1787), however, he had effected the principal object which he had in view when he first set out for Edinburgh, — he had secured the publication of the second edition of his poems. This "second edition" was received with the utmost *eclat.* The best names in Scotland eagerly came forward to assist in the subscription for it; and Burns soon found himself not only famous, but in the command of considerable money. The ultimate profit of the poet because of its publication was not less than £500.

These two volumes of verse, the first, or Kilmarnock, edition of his poems, and the second, or "Edinburgh," edition, were all the literary work from which Burns received any pecuniary benefit. And, with the exception of "Tam o' Shanter" and "The Wounded Hare," these two editions contained almost all the work other than his songs that he was destined to write. In fact, the earlier book, the Kilmarnock edition, contained the greater part of those poems for which, other than his songs, he is held in highest esteem by his countrymen, — his familiar "Epistles," "The Holy Fair," "Scotch Drink," "Hallowe'en," "The Twa Dogs," "Poor Mailie's Elegy," "The Address to the De'il," "To a

[1] Clambered. [2] Slope. [3] Over six feet tall.

Mountain Daisy," "To a Mouse," and that most revered of all his writings, "The Cotter's Saturday Night." Some poems of his youth, however, equally famous with any of the foregoing, were not included in the volume, and were, indeed, not published in book form during the poet's lifetime; as, for example, "The Twa Herds," "Holy Willie's Prayer," and "The Jolly Beggars," the last of which is pronounced by both Carlyle and Sir Walter Scott the finest of all his poems. Most of these earlier poems of Burns were written in the garret of the house at Mossgiel, when he was in his twenty-fifth, his twenty-sixth, and his twenty-seventh years; but others were written previously at Lochlea, and some even during his youthful and distressful years at Mount Oliphant. Almost every poem that Burns wrote was suggested by some bit of personal history, or some local event in which he took an interest, so that it is impossible to separate his poetry from his biography. Indeed, Burns' poems are his best and truest revelation. In the second, or Edinburgh, edition of his poetry some notable additions were made, as, for example, "Death and Dr. Hornbook," "The Brigs of Ayr," "The Ordination," "The Address to the Unco Guid," and the "Address to a Haggis"; but the new volume marked no development in the poetic career of the author; and when Burns retired from Edinburgh to his farm at Ellisland (1788) his days as poet, other than as song-writer, were practically over.

Burns unfortunately was a long time in getting a settlement with his Edinburgh publishers, and in order to get a settlement at all lived a second winter (1787–1788) in the capital, which proved to be no blessing to him. In the summer and autumn of 1787, however, he

had taken two notable tours, one in that romantic border country afterward so celebrated by Scott and Wordsworth, and a second in the highlands. But neither of these tours had resulted in poetic inspiration. In each, unfortunately, the poet was accompanied by those who hindered rather than helped his social and literary development. In fact, all through life, despite his many boon companions, and despite the kindness which many noble men and women displayed toward him, Burns seems to have missed true friendship. It is pitiful to reflect how much he might have accomplished, how much the world would have gained, had he found, when once fortune's sun beamed kindly upon him, some true friend, who could have held him to his proper course until he had safely passed the critical years of transition from lowliness to distinction, from obscurity to fame. But alas, that friend was never found, and perhaps never sought for. Burns pursued his way alone, even distrusting the good intentions of those who would and might have helped him, for he was jealous of his independence. He had some expectation of receiving a public appointment, but the expectation proved to be illusive. He then determined to become a farmer.

Burns' fancy fixed upon "Ellisland" as his new home. This was a small place of a hundred acres on the river Nith, six miles north of Dumfries. It was "a poet's choice," however, "not a farmer's," as a sagacious acquaintance presently informed him, and as, unfortunately, he soon found out for himself. But with what remained of his £500, after he had paid the expenses of his two winters in Edinburgh and of his two tours, and after, also, he had lent his brother £180 and made handsome





MRS. DUNLOP.

presents to his mother and sisters, he stocked his farm, and furnished his house; and, having formally completed his marriage contract, he brought his wife to Ellisland as their future home (November, 1788). For a very short time Burns was very happy at Ellisland. Some of his finest love lyrics owe their inspiration to the feeling of supreme contentment which his newly established domestic life engendered within his breast. His wife proved to be a capable, loving woman, who bore her part both there and ever afterward with wonderful tact, patience, dignity, and kindness. As a master he was beloved; as a neighbor he was liked and respected. The gentry and the farmers of the whole countryside became his friends. But his farm was a poor one, and he spent his little capital in making up the deficiencies of his income. He worked hard, and strove earnestly to plan well and do well; but with all his efforts he could not make up for his error in locating upon land whose natural beauty and not its fertility had been its chief recommendation to him. Bad harvests also occurred to add to his misfortunes. It became exceedingly difficult for him to pay his way. To eke out his income he applied to be appointed excise officer for his district. The position was granted him; but its duties were galling to his pride and distressing to all his finer feelings, and his whole soul rebelled against them.

"Searching auld wives' barrels—
Och hone! the day!
That clarty barm [1] should stain my laurels;
But—what 'll ye say?
These movin' things, ca'd wives and weans,
Wad move the very hearts o' stanes!"

[1] Filthy yeast.

But he did his public work efficiently in every particular. He saw clearly enough, however, that the degradation of his new life would interfere with his career as poet; but he resolved manfully to endure it for the sake of the dear ones dependent upon him. In a letter to a brother poet he thus humorously expresses his resolve: —

"But what d' ye think, my trusty fier,[1]
I 'm turn'd a gauger. Peace be here!
Parnassian queans,[2] I fear, I fear
Ye 'll now disdain me,
And then my fifty pound a year
Will little gain me.

"Ye glaikit,[3] gleesome, dainty daimies,[4]
Wha by Castalia's wimplin' streamies,
Lowp,[5] sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
Ye ken, ye ken,
That strang necessity supreme is
'Mang sons o' men

"I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
They maun[6] hae brose[7] and brats o' duddies[8];
Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is,
I need na vaunt,
But I 'll sned besoms[9] — thraw saugh woodies,[10]
Before they want."

But the income Burns derived from his excise work was only £50 a year, and his financial distresses increased rather than diminished. His position became almost unbearable. "My poor, distracted mind is so torn, jaded, and racked, to make one guinea do the business of three, that I detest and abhor the very word business." His excise work not only took him

[1] Friend. [2] The Muses. [3] Giddy. [4] Dames. [5] Leap. [6] Must.
[7] Porridge. [8] Rags of clothing. [9] Cut brooms. [10] Twist willow ropes.

away from his farm ("he had ten parishes to survey, covering a tract of fifty miles each way, and requiring him [frequently] to ride 200 miles a week"); it also so occupied his thoughts that poetic composition became impossible to him. But worse than all, it separated him from the affectionate domesticity of his home, and forced him to live much at inns and public houses, where every influence worked toward his moral and mental deterioration. To a man of inflexible character and unsociable disposition such a life might have proved harmless. But to Burns, whose infinite faculty of sympathy made him welcome to every heart, — high or low, rich or poor, young or old, man or woman, — the life was ruinous. At the end of 1791 the farm at Ellisland was given up. He had lost all his capital. He had lost faith in himself as a business man. And he had lost faith, too, in himself as a man of prudent conduct; lost that "cautious self-control" which he had described as "wisdom's root"; lost, too, once more, his purity of heart, and experienced again, as he had in earlier days, the bitter truth of his own words: —

> "Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace —
> That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish,
> Beyond comparison the worst are those
> By our own folly or our guilt brought on."

Burns' last years were spent at Dumfries. His sole means of livelihood was his income as exciseman, now about £60 a year. He lived poorly, but with all his faults he preserved his independence. He became no man's debtor. At his death it is said he owed not a penny. He had hoped to get a "collectorship," which would have given him £200 a year, and have made him

easy in mind and heart for life; and had he lived a year or two longer no doubt his hope would have been realized. But to other imprudences he now added that of taking an unnecessarily offensive part in party politics. The collectorship did not come to him. His life became more and more irregular; his friendships less and less respectable and honoring. But, towards the end, the clouds that had darkened his lowering sun were partly



HOUSE IN WHICH BURNS DIED, DUMFRIES.

broken and showed a silvery lining. Friends that had been alienated rallied round him again, and his conduct became steadier and more self-controlled. He was always punctilious in the discharge of his public duties; but now his personal duties were equally faithfully attended to. He carefully supervised his children's instruction, and spent his evenings assisting them in their lessons. He grew kinder and ever kinder to his wife,

and made his memory dear and venerable to her as long as life was spared her. He discharged his few debts, even to the "uttermost farthing." He began to realize in his own home that high ideal of domestic enjoyment which he himself some years before had drawn: —

> "To make a happy fireside clime
> To weans and wife,
> That 's the true pathos and sublime
> Of human life."

But, unfortunately, early frivolities and later follies of a graver kind had undermined his constitution; and when illnesses overtook him he had no strength to withstand them. In an interval of convalescence (July, 1796) he left Dumfries for a short visit to the seashore, in the hope of further recuperation. But instead of growing better, he rapidly grew worse. He returned home again, "the stamp of death on every feature." His mind, his poetic soul, were, however, as clear and as open to inspiration as ever. Some of his most beautiful lyrics were written in his last illness; as, for example, that one beginning, —

> "Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast
> On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
> My plaidie to the angry airt,[1]
> I 'd shelter thee, I 'd shelter thee" —

which was written as a compliment to the young girl, the daughter of a friend, who was lovingly attending him. But on July 21, 1796, he sank into his last sleep. His little children were beside him as he passed away;

[1] Stormy direction.

but his "Jean," "the lassie" he "lo'ed best," who gladly would have died instead of him, alas, through illness could not be with him even to say farewell.

The glory of Burns' poetry is in his songs. Almost all else that he has written, however excellent it may be, is but local or national. But his song-craft dealt with the passions of the universal human heart, and is therefore as universal as humanity itself. Love, distress, hope, fear, joy, grief, tenderness, regret, as phases of affection, never by any other poet were embodied in words of such tuneful melody, or were the subject of such varied and effective exposition. Burns' art, if art he had, as a lyric writer, was of that perfection of execution which concealed all art. His gift of lyric expression was nothing short of divine. His songs literally and absolutely sang themselves into being. Of course not all he wrote was of that superb quality of excellence which his best songs showed. He wrote much that was far below his own standard of perfection. But there is scarcely even a single song that he wrote in which his prayer was not abundantly answered: —

> "Gie me ae spark of Nature's fire,
> That 's a' the learning I desire;
> Then tho' I drudge thro' dub [1] an' mire
> At pleugh or cart,
> My muse, tho' hamely in attire,
> May touch the heart."

There is the secret of his power. His muse does "touch the heart"; touch it on every side; touch it to its depths. And it was because Burns knew that this

[1] Puddle.

song-craft of his was a divine gift that he would not sell it. Alas, he often used his gift unworthily; but when once he realized his mission, sell it he never did. The volumes of his poems published in his lifetime contained but few of his songs. The greater number of them were published (partly during his lifetime, but in greater part after his death) in two works, — "The Scots Musical Museum," edited by James Johnson, and "The Melodies of Scotland," edited by George Thomson. Johnson and Thomson were two enthusiasts who were emulous of getting together complete anthologies of Scottish song; and Burns would not take a penny of pay from either of them, although he contributed to Johnson's collection over one hundred and eighty songs and to Thomson's over sixty. Not only did he supply original songs to these collections, but he also amended or rewrote many others, furnished notes and other illustrations for them, and otherwise put the whole vast store of his traditionary lore, and all his poetical and critical ability, at the disposal of their editors. All this he did "for poor auld Scotland's sake." He wished "nae higher praise." And well has Scotland honored his abiding faith in her forgiveness of his frailties and her recognition of his genius. Burns is enthroned in the hearts of Scotsmen everywhere. He is loved by the whole Scottish people as no other poet was ever loved by any people; for the love of Scotland for her poet is a passion, — a love that forgives all and forgets all. And this great love has had its great reward. It has softened the national character, and made clear to the national conscience the deep meaning of that heart-piercing reproof: "He that is without sin among you

let him cast the first stone." It has raised to a national rule of conduct the divine precept given utterance to by the poet they honor: —

"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentlier, sister woman;
Though they may gang a-kennin'[1] wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving 'Why' they do it:
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far perhaps they rue it.

"Who made the heart, 't is He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord — its various tone,
Each spring — its various bias:
Then at the balance let 's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What 's done we partly may compute,
But know not what 's resisted."

[1] Little.

SELECTED CRITICAL STUDIES
AND REMINISCENCES.

LORD ROSEBERY'S CHARACTERIZATION OF BURNS.

THE secret of Burns' extraordinary hold on mankind lies in two words, — inspiration and sympathy. Try and reconstruct Burns as he was. A peasant, born in a cottage that no sanitary inspector in these days would tolerate for a moment; struggling with desperate effort against pauperism, almost in vain; snatching at scraps of learning in the intervals of toil, as it were with his teeth; a heavy, silent lad, proud of his ploughing. All of a sudden, without preface or warning, he breaks out into exquisite song like a nightingale from the brushwood, and continues singing as sweetly — with nightingale pauses — till he dies. A nightingale sings because he cannot help it; he can only sing exquisitely, because he knows no other. So it was with Burns. What is this but inspiration? One can no more measure or reason about it than measure or reason about Niagara. If his talents were universal, his sympathy was not less so. His tenderness was not a mere selfish tenderness for his own family, for he loved all mankind except the cruel and the base. Nay, we may go further, and say that he placed all creation, especially the suffering and despised part of it, under his protection. The oppressor in every shape, even in the comparatively innocent em-

bodiment of the factor and the sportsman, he regarded with direct and personal hostility.

We have something to be grateful for even in the weaknesses of men like Burns. Mankind is helped in its progress almost as much by the study of imperfection as by the contemplation of perfection. Had we nothing before us in our futile and halting lives but saints and the ideal, we might fail altogether. We grope blindly along the catacombs of the world, we climb the dark ladder of life, we feel our way to futurity, but we can scarcely see an inch around or before us. We stumble and falter and fall, our hands and knees are bruised and sore, and we look up for light and guidance. Could we see nothing but distant, unapproachable impeccability, we might well sink prostrate in the hopelessness of emulation and the weariness of despair. Is it not, then, when all seems blank and lightless and lifeless, when strength and courage flag, and when perfection seems as remote as a star, is it not then that imperfection helps us? When we see that the greatest and choicest images of God have had their weaknesses like ours, their temptations, their hour of darkness, their bloody sweat, are we not encouraged by their lapses and catastrophes to find energy for one more effort, one more struggle? Where they failed we feel it a less dishonor to fail; their errors and sorrow make, as it were, an easier ascent from infinite imperfection to infinite perfection. Man, after all, is not ripened by virtue alone. Were it so, this world were a paradise of angels. No! Like the growth of the earth, he is the fruit of all the seasons — the accident of a thousand accidents, a living mystery moving through the seen to the unseen. He is sown in dis-



FLAXMAN'S STATUE OF BURNS.

honor; he is matured under all varieties of heat and cold; in mist and wrath, in snow and vapors, in the melancholy of autumn, in the torpor of winter, as well as in the rapture and fragrance of summer, or the balmy affluence of the spring, — its breath, its sunshine, its dew. And at the end he is reaped, — the product, not of one climate, but of all; not of good alone, but of evil; not of joy alone, but of sorrow, — perhaps mellowed and ripened, perhaps stricken and withered and sour. How, then, shall we judge any one? How, at any rate, shall we judge a giant, — great in gifts and great in temptation; great in strength and great in weakness? Let us glory in his strength and be comforted in his weakness. And when we thank Heaven for the inestimable gift of Burns, we do not need to remember wherein he was imperfect, nor can we bring ourselves to regret that he was made of the same clay as ourselves.[1]

BURNS HAS MADE A BROTHERHOOD OF SCOTSMEN.

It is in his songs, however, more than in his poems, that we find Burns most regularly at his best. And excellence in song-writing is a rare gift. The snatches scattered here and there throughout the plays of Shakespeare are perhaps the only collection of lyrics that can at all stand comparison with the wealth of minstrelsy Burns has left behind him. This was his undying legacy to the world. Song-writing was a labor of love, almost his only comfort and consolation in the dark days

[1] From an address delivered at Glasgow on the centenary of the poet's death, July 21, 1896.

of his later years. He set himself to this as to a congenial task, and he knew that he was writing himself into the hearts of unborn generations. His songs live; they are immortal, because every one is a bit of his soul. These are no feverish, hysterical jingles of clinking verse, dead save for the animating breath of music. They sing themselves, because the spirit of song is in them. Quite as marvellous as his excellence in this department of poetry is his variety of subject. He has a song for every age, a musical interpretation of every mood. But this is a subject for a book to itself. His songs are sung all over the world. The love he sings appeals to all, for it is elemental and is the love of all. Heart speaks to heart in the songs of Robert Burns; there is a freemasonry in them that binds Scotsmen to Scotsmen across the seas in the firmest bonds of brotherhood.

What place Burns occupies as a poet has been determined not so much by the voice of criticism as by the enthusiastic way in which his fellow-mortals have taken him to their hearts. The summing-up of a judge counts for little when the jury has already made up its mind. What matters it whether a critic argues Burns into a first or second or third rate poet? His countrymen, and more than his countrymen, his brothers all the world over, who read in his writings the joys and sorrows, the temptations and trials, the sins and shortcomings, of a great-hearted man, have accepted him as a prophet, and set him in the front ranks of immortals. They admire many poets; they love Robert Burns. They have been told their love is unreasoning and unreasonable. It may be so. Love goes by instinct more

than by reason; and who shall say it is wrong? Yet Burns is not loved because of his faults and failings, but in spite of them. His sins are not hidden. He himself confessed them again and again, and repented in sackcloth and ashes. If he did not always abjure his weaknesses, he denounced them, and with no uncertain voice; nor do we know how hardly he strove to do more.

What estimate is to be taken of Burns as a man? will have many and various answers. Those who still denounce him as the chief of sinners, and without mercy condemn him out of his own mouth, are those whom Burns has pilloried to all posterity. There are dull, phlegmatic beings, with blood no warmer than ditch-water, who are virtuous and sober citizens because they have never felt the force of temptation. What power could tempt them? The tree may be parched and withered in the heat of noonday, but the parasitical fungus draining its sap remains cool — and poisonous. So in the glow of sociability the Pharisee remains cold and clammy; the fever of love leaves his blood at zero. How can such anomalies understand a man of Burns' wild and passionate nature, or, indeed, human nature at all? The broad fact remains, however much we may deplore his sins and shortcomings, they are the sins and shortcomings of a large-hearted, healthy human being. Had he loved less his fellow men and women, he might have been accounted a better man. After all, too, it must be remembered that his failings have been consistently exaggerated. Coleridge, in his habits of drawing nice distinctions, admits that Burns was not a man of degraded genius, but a degraded man of genius. Burns was neither one nor the other. In spite of the occa-

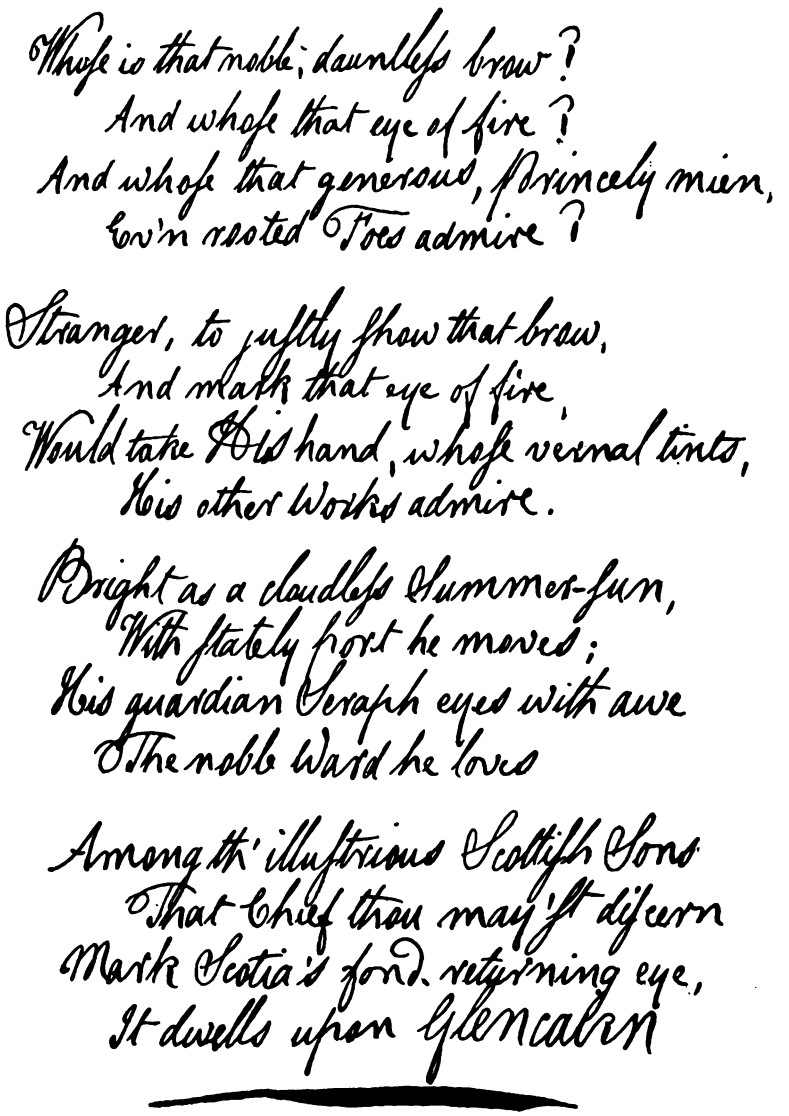
sional excesses of his later years, he did not degenerate into drunkenness, nor was the sense of his responsibilities as a husband, a father, and a man, less clear and acute in the last months of his life than it had ever been. Had he lived a few years longer we should have seen the man, mellowed by sorrow and suffering, braving life, not as he had done all along, with the passionate vehemence of undisciplined youth, but with the fortitude and dignity of one who had learned that contentment and peace are the gifts which the world cannot give, and, if he haply finds them in his own heart, which it cannot take away. That is the lesson we read in the closing months of Burns' checkered career.

But it was not to be. His work was done. The message God had sent him into the world to deliver he had delivered, imperfectly and with faltering lips it may be, but a divine message all the same. And because it is divine men still hear it gladly and believe.

Let all his failings and defects be acknowledged, his sins as a man and his limitations as a poet, the want of continuity and purpose in his life; but at the same time let his nobler qualities be weighed against these and the scale "where the pure gold is easily turned in the balance." — GABRIEL SETOUN.

BORN TO BE SCOTLAND'S POET.

In the poems of Burns there are two groups to be distinguished, which faithfully answer to two stages in his literary training. In the first of these he is Scottish and natural, founding his work on that of earlier Scot-


Whose is that noble, dauntless brow?
And whose that eye of fire?
And whose that generous, Princely mien,
Ev'n rooted Foes admire?

Stranger, to justly show that brow,
And mark that eye of fire,
Would take His hand, whose vernal tints,
His other Works admire.

Bright as a cloudless Summer-sun,
With stately port he moves;
His guardian Seraph eyes with awe
The noble Ward he loves

Among th' illustrious Scottish Sons
That Chief thou may'st discern
Mark Scotia's fond returning eye,
It dwells upon Glencairn

FACSIMILE OF A POEM BY BURNS.

tish poets, and surpassing in his general level the highest reaches of their verse. In the second he realized how much of his work was at variance with the prevailing tone of the eighteenth-century English poetry, and tries to fit himself into what he conceives to be the true literary groove. But the vein is not his own, and he can not work it with success; seldom does he bring pure ore out of it, except where older threads break out amid the new, in some isolated but brilliant instances.

Burns was born to be the poet of Scotland, not to add new forms or new ideas to the school of Pope or Thomson. It was for this that his whole early life fitted him; his hardships lent their aid to that end. If they did not leave him with a "lean and hungry look," he had yet the other qualities of Cassius; he read much, he was a great observer, and his large and glowing eye looked right through the minds of men. Like Cassius, too, he was a patriot; Blind Harry had insured that Scotland and Scottish independence should be to him a prejudice that was also an inspiration. Even his boyhood had felt the desire to realize this inspiration, a vague but burning wish:—

"That I for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least.
The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
And spared the symbol dear.
No nation, no station,
My envy e'er could raise;
A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew nae higher praise."

He has said the same thing more than once in his letters, but for thoughts like these Burns' only natural expression is in verse. — WILLIAM A. CRAIGIE.

THE YOUNG DEMOCRACY'S POET-PROPHET.

The scholarly Gray had written of the poor with refinement and taste, surrounding them with a certain poetic halo; but Burns spoke not about, but for them, by his birthright and heritage of poverty and labor. The young democracy, hurrying on the day through the labors of Brindley the mechanic, Hargreaves the poor weaver, or Watt the mathematical-instrument maker's apprentice, finds its poet-prophet in a farmer's boy of the Scotch lowlands. The natural music, the irresistible melody, of Burns' songs was learned, not from the principles of literary lawgivers, but from the songs of the people. In their captivating lilt, their rich humor, their note of elemental passion, is revealed the soul of the peasant class. "Poetry," wrote Wordsworth, who preached a little later the superiority of inspiration to artifice, "poetry comes from the heart and goes to the heart." This is eminently true of the poetry of Burns, whose best songs have that heartfelt and broadly human quality which penetrates where more cultured verse fails to enter, and which outlasts the most elaborate productions of a less instinctive art. — PANCOAST.

THE PASSIONATE TREATMENT OF LOVE.

One element, the passionate treatment of love, had been on the whole absent from our poetry since the

Restoration. It was restored by Robert Burns. In his love-songs we hear again, even more simply, more directly, the same natural music which in the age of Elizabeth enchanted the world. It was as a love-poet that he began to write, and the first edition of his poems appeared in 1786. But he was not only the poet of love, but also of the new excitement about mankind. Himself poor, he sang the poor. He did the same work in Scotland in 1786 which Crabbe began in England in 1783, and Cowper in 1785; and it is worth remarking how the dates run together. As in Cowper, so also in Burns, the further widening of human sympathies is shown in his tenderness for animals. He carried on also the Celtic elements of Scottish poetry, but the rattling fun of the "Jolly Beggars" and of "Tam o' Shanter" is united to a life-like painting of human character which is peculiarly English. A large gentleness of feeling often made his wit into that true humor which is more English than Celtic, and the passionate pathos of such poems as "Mary in Heaven" is connected with this vein of English humor. The special nationality of Scottish poetry is as strong in Burns as in any of his predecessors, but it is also mingled with a larger view of man than the merely national one. Nor did he fail to carry on the Scottish love of nature; though he shows the English influence in using natural description not for the love of nature alone, but as a background for human love. It was the strength of his passions and the weakness of his moral will which made his poetry and spoilt his life. — STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

THE ORIGIN OF THE "ADDRESS TO THE DEIL."

One of the delights of Miss Begg's girlhood was the converse of Burns' mother concerning her first-born and favorite child, the poet, a theme of which she never tired. Miss Begg[1] remembered her as a "chirk" old lady, with snapping black eyes and an abundant stock of legends and ballads. She used to declare that Bobbie had often heard her sing "Auld Lang Syne" in his boyhood; hence it would appear that, at most, he only revised that precious old song. Miss Begg more than once heard the mother tell, with manifest gusto, this incident of their residence at Lochlea: Robert was already inclined to be wild, and between visiting his sweetheart Ellison Begbie — "the lass of the twa sparkling, roguish een" — and attending the Tarbolton club and Masonic lodge, was abroad until an unseemly hour every night, and his mother or Isabella [his sister, afterwards Mrs. Begg] sat up to let him in. His anxious sire, the "priest-like father" of the "Cotter's Saturday Night," determined to administer an effectual rebuke to the son's misconduct, and one night startled the mother by announcing significantly that he would wait to admit the lad. She lay for hours (Robert was later than ever that night), dreading the encounter between the two, till she heard the boy whistling "Tibbie Fowler" as he approached. Then the door opened: the father grimly demanded what had kept him so late; the son, for reply, gave a comical description of his meeting auld Hornie on

[1] Miss Begg was Burns' niece. She was the daughter of Burns' sister, Isabella, who married John Begg.

the way home, — an adventure narrated in the "Address to the Deil," — and next the mother heard the pair seat themselves by the fire, where for two hours the father roared with laughter at Robert's ludicrous account of the evening's doings at the club, — she, meanwhile, nearly choking with her efforts to restrain the laughter which might remind the husband of his intended reproof. Thereafter the lad stayed out as late as he pleased without rebuke. — DR. T. F. WOLFE, *in "A Literary Pilgrimage."*

"HIGHLAND MARY."

Nothing in Burns' career is so startling as the interlineation of his loves; they played about him like fireflies; he seldom remembered to be off with the old before he was on with the new. Allured by two kinds of attraction, those which were mainly sensual seem scarcely to have interfered with others of a higher strain. It is now undoubted that his white rose grew up and bloomed in the midst of his passion flowers. Of his attachment to Mary Campbell, daughter of a Campbelton sailor, and sometime nurse to the infant son of Gavin Hamilton, he was always chary of speech. There is little record of their intimacy previous to their betrothal on the second Sunday, the 14th of May, 1786, when, standing one on either bank of the Faille, they dipped their hands in the brook, and holding between them a Bible, — in the two volumes of which half-obliterated inscriptions still remain, — they swore everlasting fidelity. Shortly after she returned to her native town, where "Will you go to the Indies, my Mary?" and other songs were sent

to her. Having bespoken a place in Glasgow for Martinmas, she went in the autumn to Greenock to attend a sick brother, and caught from him a fever which proved fatal at some date before October 12, when her lair was bought in the West Kirkyard, now, on her account, the resort of pilgrims. Mrs. Begg's story of Burns receiving the news of her death has been called in question; but how deep the buried love lay in his heart is known to every reader of his verse. After flowing on in stillness for three years, it broke forth as the inspiration of the most pathetic of his songs —

"Thou lingering star with lessening ray," —

composed in the course of a windy October night, when musing and watching the skies about the corn-ricks at Ellisland. Three years later, it may have been about the same harvest time, even on the same anniversary, the receding past, with a throng of images, sad and sweet, again swept over him, and bodied itself forth in the immortal lyric —

"Ye banks and braes and streams around
The Castle o' Montgomery,"

which is the last we hear of Highland Mary. — PROFESSOR NICHOLS.

"CLARINDA."

At last, however, out of all patience with his publisher, and recognizing the futility of his hopes of preferment, he had resolved early in December to leave Edinburgh, when he was compelled to stay against his will. A double accident befell him; he was introduced to a Mrs.

Maclehose, and three days afterwards, through the carelessness of a drunken coachman, he was thrown from a carriage and had his knee severely bruised. The latter was an accident that kept him confined to his room for a time, and from which he quickly recovered; but the meeting with Mrs. Maclehose was a serious matter, and for both most unfortunate in its results.

It was while he was "on the rack of his present agony" that the Sylvander-Clarinda correspondence was begun and continued. That much may be said in excuse for Burns. A man, especially one with the passion and sensitiveness of a poet, cannot be expected to write in all sanity when he is racked by the pain of an injured limb. Certainly the poet does not show up in a pleasant light in this absurd interchange of gasping epistles; nor does Mrs. Maclehose. "I like the idea of Arcadian names in a commerce of this kind," he unguardedly admits. The most obvious comment that occurs to the mind of the reader is that they ought never to have been written. It is a pity they were written; more than a pity they were ever published. . . . Occasionally he is natural in them, but rarely. "I shall certainly be ashamed of scrawling whole sheets of incoherence." We trust he was. The letters are false in sentiment, stilted in diction, artificial in morality. We have a picture of the poet all through trying to batter himself into a passion he does not feel, into love of an accomplished and intellectual woman; while in his heart's core is registered the image of Jean Armour, the mother of his children. He shows his paces before Clarinda and tears passion to tatters in inflated prose; he poses as a stylist, oralist, a religious enthusiast, a poet, a man of the

world, and now and again accidentally he assumes the face and figure of Robert Burns. . . .

Clarinda comes out of the correspondence better than Sylvander. Her letters are more natural and vastly more clever. She grieves to hear of his accident, and sympathises with him in his suffering; were she his sister she would call and see him. He is too romantic in his style of address, and must remember she is a married woman. Would he wait like Jacob seven years for a wife? And perhaps be disappointed! She is not unhappy: religion has been her balm for every woe. . . . She could well believe him when he said that no woman could love as ardently as himself. . . . But he must not rave; he must limit himself to friendship. The evening of their third meeting was one of the most exquisite she had ever experienced. Only he must now know she has faults. She means well, but is liable to become the victim of her sensibility. She, too, now prefers the religion of the bosom. She cannot deny his power over her; would he pay another evening visit on Saturday?

When the poet is leaving Edinburgh, Clarinda is heartbroken. "Oh, let the scenes of nature remind you of Clarinda! In winter, remember the dark shades of her fate; in summer, the warmth of her friendship; in autumn, her glowing wishes to bestow plenty on all; and let spring animate you with hopes that your friend may yet surmount the wintry blasts of life, and revive to taste a springtime of happiness. At all events, Sylvander, the storms of life will quickly pass, and one unbounded spring encircle all. Love, there, is not a crime. I charge you to meet me there, O God! I must lay down my pen."

Poor Clarinda! Well for her peace of mind that the poet was leaving her; well for Burns, also, that he was leaving Clarinda and Edinburgh. Only one thing remained for both to do, and it had been wise, to burn their letters. Would that Clarinda had been as much alive to her own good name, and the poet's fair fame, as Peggy Chalmers,[1] who did not preserve her letters from Burns! — GABRIEL SETOUN.

BURNS' LOVE-SONGS.

Burns felt that in deep, honest love lay all that was sweetest and best in life, and that in singing of it he was discharging his truest mission as a poet. "Love," he wrote to his friend Cunningham, "is the Alpha and Omega of human enjoyment. All the pleasures, all the happiness of my humble compeers, flow immediately and directly from this delicious source. It is the spark of celestial fire which lights up the wintry hut of poverty, and makes the cheerless mansion warm, comfortable, and gay. It is the emanation of Divinity that preserves the sons and daughters of rustic labor from degenerating into the brutes with which they daily hold converse. Without it, life to the poor inmates of the cottage would be a damning gift." To one who could write of love with such enthusiasm, the passion itself was sure to be an inspiration, and out of it sprang some of his most world-famed lyrics. Some of these, like his early songs, are records of real love; others are only poetic fictions, even when inspired by actual objects of admiration; others again

[1] Miss Margaret Chalmers, Gavin Hamilton's relative. Eleven letters of Burns to Miss Chalmers are preserved.



MAUSOLEUM OF BURNS.

are of perfectly general content, the embodiment of a love that is not determined by person, time, or place. It was difficult, however, almost impossible, for Burns to write a song to any fair one in whom he was at all interested without assuming the tone of the lover. — W. A. CRAIGIE, *in "A Primer of Burns."*

BURNS THE POET OF THE SCOTTISH PEOPLE.

No poet ever lived more constantly and more intimately in the hearts of a people. With their mirth, or with their melancholy, how often do his "native wood-notes wild" affect the sitters by the ingles of low-roofed homes, till their hearts overflow with feelings that place them on a level, as moral creatures, with the most enlightened in the land, and more than reconcile them with, make them proud of, the condition assigned them by Providence! There they see with pride the reflection of the character and condition of their own order. That pride is one of the best natural props of poverty; for, supported by it, the poor envy not the rich. They exult to know and to feel that they have had treasures bequeathed to them by one of themselves — treasures of the heart, the intellect, the fancy, and the imagination, of which the possession and the enjoyment are one and the same, as long as they preserve their integrity and their independence. The poor man, as he speaks of Robert Burns, always holds up his head and regards you with an elated look. A tender thought of the "Cotter's Saturday Night," or a bold thought of "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled," may come across him; and he who in such a spirit loves home and coun-

try, by whose side may he not walk an equal in the broad eye of day as it shines over our Scottish hills? This is true popularity. Thus interpreted, the word sounds well, and recovers its ancient meaning. The land "made blithe with plough and harrow" — the broomy or the heathery braes — the holms by the river's side — the forest where the woodman's ringing axe no more disturbs the cushat — the deep dell where all day long sits solitary plaided boy or girl watching the kine or the sheep — the moorland hut without any garden — the lowland cottage, whose garden glows like a very orchard, when crimsoned with fruit-blossoms most beautiful to behold — the sylvan homestead sending its reek aloft over the huge sycamore that blackens on the hill-side — the straw-roofed village gathering with small bright crofts its many white gable-ends round and about the modest manse, and the kirk-spire covered with the pine tree that shadows its horologe — the small, quiet, half-slated, half-thatched rural town, — there resides, and will forever reside, the immortal genius of Burns. — PROFESSOR WILSON ("CHRISTOPHER NORTH").

WHAT BURNS HAS DONE FOR SCOTLAND AND THE SCOTCH.

No wonder the peasantry of Scotland have loved Burns as perhaps never people loved a poet. He not only sympathized with the wants, the trials, the joys and sorrows of their obscure lot, but he interpreted these to themselves, and interpreted them to others, and this, too, in their own language made musical, and glorified by genius. He made the poorest ploughman

proud of his station and his toil, since Robbie Burns had shared and had sung them. He awoke a sympathy for them in many a heart that otherwise would never have known it. In looking up to him, the Scottish people have seen an impersonation of themselves on a large scale — of themselves, both in their virtues and in their vices.

Secondly, Burns in his poetry was not only the interpreter of Scotland's peasantry, he was the restorer of her nationality. When he appeared, the spirit of Scotland was at a low ebb. The fatigue that followed a century of religious strife, the extinction of her parliament, the stern suppression of the Jacobite risings, the removal of all symbols of her royalty and nationality, had all but quenched the ancient spirit. Englishmen despised Scotchmen, and Scotchmen seemed ashamed of themselves and of their country. A race of literary men had sprung up in Edinburgh, who, as to national feeling, were entirely colourless, Scotchmen in nothing except their dwelling-place. The thing they most dreaded was to be convicted of a Scotticism. Among these learned cosmopolitans in walked Burns, who with the instinct of genius chose for his subject that Scottish life which they ignored, and for his vehicle that vernacular which they despised, and who, touching the springs of long-forgotten emotions, brought back on the hearts of his countrymen a tide of patriotic feeling to which they had long been strangers.

And though he accomplished but a small part of what he once hoped to do, yet we owe it to him first of all that "the old kingdom" has not wholly sunk into a province. If Scotchmen to-day love and cherish their

country with a pride unknown to their ancestors of the last century, if strangers of all countries look on Scotland as a land of romance, this we owe in great measure to Burns, who first turned the tide, which Scott afterwards carried to full flood. All that Scotland had done and suffered, her romantic history, the manhood of her people, the beauty of her scenery, would have disappeared in modern commonplace and manufacturing ugliness, if she had been left without her two "sacred poets." — J. C. SHAIRP.

BURNS' ENGLISH.

All Burns' best pieces are written in his native dialect. He knew English — that is, the dialect of education and of literature — well, and could write in it fluently and with vigour; but it was not his vernacular, and he could not express in it, with the essential sensitiveness and delicacy, the ideas and emotions that called for an outlet. So strangely intimate in the art of poetry is the connection between thought and language, that no language in any sense foreign can suffice for the representation of inmost and purest thought; no translation is endurable. Whenever Burns writes in general English, he becomes comparatively languid and ineffective. David with the sling and stone of his youth can more than match even Goliath; with Saul's armour on, he is but as, or less than, any other Hebrew; and so Burns with his native Ayrshire, and his acquired English. He essayed again and again to write in the latter; but nature was stronger than all his efforts. — PROFESSOR J. W. HALES, *in "Longer English Poems."*

CARLYLE ON BURNS AND BYRON.

Byron and Burns were sent forth as missionaries to their generation, to teach it a higher doctrine, a purer truth; they had a message to deliver, which left them no rest till it was accomplished; in dim throes of pain, this divine behest lay smouldering within them, for they knew not what it meant, and felt it only in mysterious anticipation, and they had to die without articulately uttering it. They are in the camp of the unconverted, yet not as high messengers of rigorous though benignant Truth, but as soft flattering singers, and in pleasant fellowship will they live there; they are first adulated, then persecuted; they accomplish little for others; they find no peace for themselves, but only death and the peace of the grave. We confess it is not without a certain mournful awe that we view the fate of these noble souls, so richly gifted, yet ruined to so little purpose with all their gifts. It seems to us there is a stern moral taught in this piece of history, — *twice* told us in our own time! Surely to men of like genius, if there be any such, it carries with it a lesson of deep, impressive significance. Surely it would become such a man, furnished for the highest of all enterprises, — that of being the poet of his age, — to consider well what it is that he attempts, and in what spirit he attempts it. For the words of Milton are true in all times, and were never truer than in this: "He who would write heroic poems must make his whole life a heroic poem." If he cannot first so make his life, then let him hasten from this arena; for neither its lofty

glories nor its fearful perils are fit for him. Let him dwindle into a modish ballad-monger; let him worship and besing the idols of the time, and the time will not fail to reward him, — if, indeed, he can endure to live in that capacity! Byron and Burns could not live as idol-priests, but the fire of their own hearts consumed them, and better it was for them that they could not. For it is not in the favor of the great or of the small, but in a life of truth, and in the inexpugnable citadel of his own soul, that a Byron's or a Burns' strength must lie.

CARLYLE'S FINAL ESTIMATE OF BURNS.

With our readers in general, with men of right feeling anywhere, we are not required to plead for Burns. In pitying admiration he lies enshrined in all our hearts, in a far nobler mausoleum than that one of marble; neither will his works, even as they are, pass away from the memory of men. While the Shakespeares and Miltons roll on like mighty rivers through the country of Thought, bearing fleets of traffickers and assiduous pearl fishers on their waves, this little Valclusa fountain will also arrest our eye; for this also is of Nature's own and most cunning workmanship, bursts from the depths of the earth with a full gushing current, into the light of day; and often will the traveller turn aside to drink of its clear waters, and muse among its rocks and pines!

THE HOME OF ROBERT BURNS.

By MARGARET EVA CAMERON.

"I 'll be more respected a hundred years after I am dead than I am at present."

WHAT a depth of sadness, pathos, and alas! too, bitterness, can we read in these last words of Scotland's greatest bard. Yet never has human prophecy been more triumphantly fulfilled than this one, spoken in the ear of the devoted wife a century ago, as Burns realized he was, as we Scots say, a "done" man.

Every decade since July 21, 1796, has added its quota of praise, until we have at last reached a summit of appreciation so widespread and international that the man who cannot admire must certainly refrain from decrying; for to all English-speaking peoples Shakespeare the dramatist, and Burns the lyrist, are immortal.

At first sight Shakespeare's connection in any way with Burns may seem extraneous to the subject in hand; but not so, for are not Stratford and Alloway the shrines of English literature?

A visit to both very quickly brings out that truly "Facts are chiels that winna ding," and that though the genius of Shakespeare is matchless, the Ayrshire poet has a stronger grip on the affections of the masses. Few, if any, of the poorest Scots but know and delight in Burns; hundreds, even thousands, of English rustics neither care for nor know of Shakespeare. Compulsory

school board education has already had its effect; but Stratford-on-Avon is not conveniently easy of access, and want of time rather than want of money keeps many a one away. Indeed, a glance at the visitors' list there very quickly shows that Americans and colonials predominate, whereas at Alloway there are more than twice as many annual visitors, and of these the far greater proportion are Scottish working-folk.

J. M. Barrie, Ian Maclaren, and George Macdonald have all brought before the world the fact that reticence or suppression of emotion is the strongest characteristic trait of the Scot.

This is indeed true to life, Burns proving the great exception to the rule. Over everything connected with his name a glamour and enthusiasm work like a magician's spell; his birthday is an annual fête; his songs are encored again and again, even if indifferently sung; clubs and societies in hundreds delight to be called by his name; statues and monuments are still set up to his memory; and his homes and grave are shrines for pilgrims just as truly as were ever martyrs' shrines in mediæval days.

In 1896, the hundredth year after the poet's death, we, nationally, broke through all reserve, and even dared to pose and to pose successfully. We covered the thatch roof of his humble birthplace with evergreens, and wreathed its "bonnie wee windows" with laurel and bay, while its door was but a peg for flowers. His portrait in floral frame and his name in Scottish thistle blooms were placed over it, and under such triumphant keystone did all enter reverently.

At Alloway kirk, the monument, the Auld Brig o'



BURNS' MONUMENT, ALLOWAY.



THE TWA BRIGS O' AYR.

Doon, St. Mungo's well — in Ayr, Mauchline, and every village in the Burns country — did the same wild, unnational enthusiasm prevail, while at Dumfries, around his grave, were gathered delegates from every Burns society at home and abroad, bearers of the most exquisite floral



ALLOWAY KIRK AND BURIAL PLACE OF THE BURNS FAMILY.

offerings. Even from the parish church — representative of that kirk against which he ran tilt — hung the nation's flag of the lion rampant, and beneath it —

"Such graves as his are pilgrims' shrines."

Well might the newspapers say, "America was splendidly represented"; for not a State of the Union but had its messenger bearing flowers, and side by side with the holly and daisies picked from Mossgiel farm, and feathery

palms from the karroos of South Africa, was laid the wreath of ivy and laurel plucked from Walt Whitman's grave. And as fitting close to such a national day, was Lord Rosebery's speech, an oration on a national poet and literature which will live in literature the equal of any of Burke's panegyrics. So for the first time in the nation's history Scotsmen became "a sort of poetical Mohammedans gathered at a sort of poetical Mecca"; and to this Mecca may our children and grandchildren continue to come, remembering —

> "To make a happy fireside clime
> For weans and wife,
> Is the true pathos and sublime
> Of human life."



THE AULD BRIG O' DOON.



BURNS' MONUMENT, AYR.

Starting from St. Enoch's station, Glasgow, by express train, we are rapidly whirled through northern Ayrshire, and in little more than an hour Ayr —

> **"Wham ne'er a town surpasses**
> **For honest men and bonnie lasses" —**

is reached.

As we leave the station we realize immediately that here Burns reigns supreme; for his magnificent monument, erected in 1891, stands before us.

A colossal figure in bronze represents the poet wrapt in deep thought, with arms partly folded. The figure faces toward Alloway, two miles distant to the south.

The pedestal of Aberdeen granite, twelve feet high, is very effectively treated. On its four sides are bronze panels in bas-relief of scenes from the poet's works, — "Tam o' Shanter at the Brig o' Doon," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "The Jolly Beggars," and last, but by no means least, "The Parting of Burns and Highland Mary," which was the gift of twenty-five Americans, representing twelve States of the Union.

The effect is greatly heightened by beautiful flower-beds and shrubs, the whole enclosed by a handsome railing. The statue and its pedestal cost over $7,000, the panels, grounds, and railing being gifts. There are few relics of Burns in the town; but we can still cross "The Auld Brig," and visit the "Tam o' Shanter" inn, verified as the haunt of the original Thomas Graham of Shanter and his crony, the Souter (shoemaker). We may sit in their chairs in the low-ceiled room upstairs, and even drink if we will from their wooden "cogie." But on the street below four-horse busses and brakes, laden with folk "of honest, sonsy face," pass along one after the other, and so we descend to hail the first with vacant seats.

For a fare of threepence (6 cents) we can be driven to Alloway and all its sights, or we may hire a smaller wagonette, and thereby insure more comfort as well as time. But on the public conveyances one better realizes how truly the people love "Robbie." Men and women, old and young, weavers, souters, miners, ploughmen, masons, shepherds, each and all sing snatches of his songs, the gay rather than the grave; for is it not holiday to them, and the shadows of life should be in the background?

What a revelation such a drive is! With our cultured appreciation of the bard we can exactly, even enthusiastically, yield Burns his proper place in literature. We may have ranked him with Milton, or Wordsworth even; and now we suddenly realize that they are not quotable as he is, and that, in the midst of such genuine heartfelt love, ours is but gilded alloy.

But very soon the humble cottage by the roadside is reached; and on paying the entry money of twopence (4 cents) we pass into a large room, on the walls of which are hung various engravings, and sundry poems and songs written out in the poet's bold, clear hand. But such things are of minor importance; for every one hurries into the small kitchen with its "earth" floor, "box" bed, the old wide chimney with "swey" and pot "cleeks," the plate rack, dresser, eight-day clock, chairs, and table, — all relics of the poet's early home. Here truly can we picture the "Cotter's Saturday Night," as we gaze at the fireplace, and people its humble, happy circle. But we must at last move on, for the little kitchen is so crowded that many are waiting their turn outside.

In the hall behind the cottage we see many portraits of the poet, letters, and curios more quaint than valuable, etc. Until 1881 the house was licensed as an inn, but the trustees of the national monument bought it for $20,000, and turned it into a tea and coffee house, and so picnic parties make it their headquarters.

A little farther along the road stand the ruins of Alloway kirk, and close to the entrance-gate are the graves of William Burns his father, Agnes Brown his mother, and Mrs. Begg, his youngest sister, who died in

1856. On the stone are the gifted son's well-known lines: —

"O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious reverence and attend!
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father and the generous friend;

"The pitying heart that felt for human woe;
The dauntless heart, that feared no human pride;
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe:
'For even his failings leaned to virtue's side.'"

The church is roofless; its rafters even have been turned into "relics," and dispersed far and near over the world. The bell still hangs in the gable, and bears date of 1657; but the church was founded about 1516.

The beautiful monument is almost opposite and stands sixty feet high. It is nearly a copy of that on the Calton Hill in Edinburgh, its style being a harmonious blending of Greek and Roman architecture.

The base is triangular, indicative of the three districts of Ayrshire, — Carrick, Kyle, and Cunninghame, — and within is a handsome room. Here we see many things of interest, — most notable the two half bibles, the inscriptions quite legible, presented by Burns to Highland Mary with a lock of his hair.

Outside in the gardens one is tempted to sit and gaze over the river Doon; but before leaving, the statue of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny must be visited. The Souter's apron, his turned-in toes, and the leer on his face are startlingly life-like; and Tam's worsted stockings appear real "hodden gray."

On the Auld Brig a merry party are singing "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," and its echoes come

over the water sweetly as we stand by St. Mungo's well. As we look upward at this beautiful national monument erected at a cost of $16,000, we might sadly reflect that money for Burns dead is not lacking, and that the many twopences of admission would have been to him a handsome fortune.

We tear ourselves away at last; and, somehow, we realize that the indefinable something has affected the



POOSIE NANSIE'S INN, MAUCHLINE STATION.

spirits of all, and that the grave rather than the gay predominates on our way back. One fault only would we find, — the sign upon the cottage wall tells us that here was born Burns, the Ayrshire poet. Is he not Burns, our national poet? From Ayr as a centre, we can make daily trips to well-known scenes, such as Tam's farm and Kirkoswald churchyard, where he and the Souter lie

buried. Twelve miles distant by road is Mauchline, half a mile from which stands Mossgiel, where the poet lived for seven years, and where, too, he wrote so many of his finest poems. Here grow the daisies, "wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flowers," and here, too, cowered the "mousie in his biel." Jean Armour, his devoted wife, was one of Mauchline's "six proper young belles." Poosie Nansie's inn, the scene of the Jolly Beggars, stands opposite the churchyard gate; the churchyard recalls "The Holy Fair"; and, of the poet's friends now sleeping in its "moules," we must remember Mary Morrison, the subject of one of his tenderest songs. The "Braes o' Ballochmyle" are near; and in the woody shades of Montgomery, Highland Mary and he together spent "one day of parting love." Turn where we will, every field and tree and stream has its associations. In Dumfries, sixty miles toward the English border, we have only saddest of memories. Here the poet, to use a most expressive Scotch phrase, "fairly forgot himself"; and the tragedy of his life rapidly was brought to a close. His home here somehow lacks interest, and we turn to the grand mausoleum in St. Michael's churchyard underneath which he now rests. Its sculptured marble tells his own tale: "The poetic genius of my own country found me as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha — at the plough — and threw her inspiring mantle over me."

The year 1896 was so notable that one naturally concluded there would be comparatively few visitors to Alloway in 1897, but in that September the tale was the same of daily eager crowds; and so it goes on continually. One party, however, excelled in interest; for the rector of Stratford-on-Avon and members of the Shake-



THE BURNS MONUMENT AT EDINBURGH.

spearean society visited the cottage, and hung up on the box-bed a wreath of laurel picked from Shakespeare's garden, as "a token of affection from all Shakespeareans for the poet of Scotland." On the card attached were the great bard's lines: —

> **"To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,**
> **He had the dialect and different skill,**
> **Catching the passions in his craft of will."**

It was, indeed, a visible link between Stratford and Alloway. May every one realize on leaving Alloway that it is good for him to have been here; and may we never forget that our most magnificent monuments are but small homages to a man from whom we have received so much, and all sink into insignificance in comparison with that humble thatched cottage.

MARGARET EVA CAMERON.

READINGS FROM BURNS.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ., OF AYR.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the Poor.

GRAY.

My lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays:
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end;
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;[1]
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;[2]
The black'ning trains o' craws[3] to their repose:
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil[4] is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn[5] in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an agèd tree;

[1] Moan. [2] Plough. [3] Crows. [4] Toil. [5] Morrow.

Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher [1] through
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin [2] noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle,[3] blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve,[4] the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' [5] the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin [6]
A cannie [7] errand to a neebor town: [8]
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw [9] new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,[10]
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers: [11]
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncos [12] that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,[13]
Gars auld claes [14] look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warnèd to obey;
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent [15] hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk [16] or play:
"An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang [17] astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

[1] Stagger. [2] Fluttering. [3] Fireplace. [4] By and by. [5] Drive. [6] Attentively run. [7] Quiet. [8] Neighboring farm. [9] Fine. [10] Hardly earned wages. [11] Inquires. [12] Strange things. [13] Scissors. [14] Makes old clothes. [15] Diligent. [16] Dally. [17] Go.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door.
Jenny, wha kens [1] the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy [2] her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek:
Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins [3] is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben; [4]
A strappan youth; he taks the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks [5] of horses, pleughs, and kye. [6]
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and laithfu', [7] scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave. [8]

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I 've pacèd much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare —
"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'T is when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart —
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild!

[1] Who knows. [2] Accompany. [3] Half. [4] Into the room. [5] Chats. [6] Kine, cattle. [7] Bashful and hesitating. [8] Like other people.

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch,[1] chief o' Scotia's food:
The soupe their only Hawkie [2] does afford,
That 'yont the hallan [3] snugly chows her cood.
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell;[4]
An' aft he 's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 't was a towmond [5] auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.[6]

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle,[7] form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance [8] his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets [9] wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales [10] a portion with judicious care,
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
Or noble "Elgin" beets [11] the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickl'd ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;

[1] Wholesome porridge. [2] White-faced cow. [3] Partition wall. [4] Well-saved cheese, tasty. [5] Twelvemonth. [6] Flax was in flower. [7] Fireplace. [8] Once. [9] Gray sidelocks. [10] Selects. [11] Feeds.

Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head;
How His first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The Power, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul;
And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,

Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man 's the noblest work of God":
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, Oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert:
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH IN APRIL, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou 'st met me in the evil hour;

For I maun [1] crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it 's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet! [2]
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun [4] shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield [5]
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie [6] stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

[1] Must. [2] Dust. [3] Moisture. [4] Must. [5] Shelter. [6] Dry.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine — no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN

A DIRGE.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spy'd a man, whose agèd step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?
Began the rev'rend Sage;
Dost thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?

Or, haply, prest with cares and woes
  Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
  The miseries of Man.

The sun that overhangs yon moors,
  Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
  A haughty lordling's pride;
I 've seen yon weary winter sun
  Twice forty times return:
And ev'ry time has added proofs,
  That Man was made to mourn.

O man! while in thy early years,
  How prodigal of time!
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
  Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
  Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force give nature's law,
  That Man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
  Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
  Supported is his right.
But see him on the edge of life,
  With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, Oh! ill-match'd pair!
  Show Man was made to mourn.

A few seem favourites of fate,
  In pleasure's lap carest;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
  Are likewise truly blest.
But, Oh! what crowds in ev'ry land
  All wretched and forlorn!
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
  That Man was made to mourn.



STATUE OF BURNS, DUMFRIES.



Many and sharp the num'rous ills
  Inwoven with our frames!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
  Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
  The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
  Makes countless thousands mourn!

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
  So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
  To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
  The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
  And helpless offspring mourn.

If I 'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
  By nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
  E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
  His cruelty, or scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
  To make his fellow mourn?

Yet, let not this too much, my son,
  Disturb thy youthful breast;
This partial view of human-kind
  Is surely not the last!
The poor, oppressèd, honest man,
  Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
  To comfort those that mourn!

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
  The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my agèd limbs
  Are laid with thee at rest!

The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasures torn;
But, Oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!

THE BANKS O' DOON.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!
Thou 'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed — never to return.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luver stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

WHEN chapman billies [1] leave the street,
And drouthy [2] neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate; [3]
While we sit bousing at the nappy,[4]
An' getting fou and unco happy,

[1] Pedlar fellows. [2] Thirsty. [3] Road. [4] Ale.



"Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon."

We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps,[1] and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses.)

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,[2]
A blethering,[3] blustering, drunken blellum;[4]
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder,[5] wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;[6]
That ev'ry naig[7] was ca'd a shoe on,[8]
The smith and thee gat roaring fou[9] on;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesy'd that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,[10]
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,[11]
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae[12] market night,
Tam had got planted, unco right,[13]
Fast by an ingle,[14] bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats,[15] that drank divinely;

[1] Openings in hedges. [2] Good-for-nothing fellow. [3] Nonsensical. [4] Noisy fellow. [5] Every milling. [6] Money. [7] Nag. [8] Was driven to have a shoe on. [9] Drunk. [10] Dark. [11] Makes me weep. [12] One. [13] Exceedingly comfortable. [14] Fireplace. [15] Foaming ale.

And at his elbow, Souter [1] Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy [2] crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou [3] for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter; [4]
And ay the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious:
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair [5] and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy: [6]
As bees flee hame wi' lades [7] o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white — then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm. —
Nae man can tether time or tide; —
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic [8] a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast:

[1] Shoemaker. [2] Thirsty. [3] Tipsy. [4] Chat. [5] Roar. [6] Ale. [7] Loads. [8] Such.

The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit [1] on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles [2] holding fast his gude blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles [3] catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets [4] nightly cry. —

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw, the chapman smoor'd; [5]
And past the birks [6] and meikle [7] stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon [8] the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel. —
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll:
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze; [9]
Thro' ilka bore [10] the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing. —

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny,[11] we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae,[12] we 'll face the devil! —

[1] Rode quickly. [2] Sometimes. [3] Goblins. [4] Owls. [5] Pedlar was smothered. [6] Birches. [7] Large. [8] Above. [9] Blaze. [10] Every crevice. [11] Twopenny ale. [12] Whisky.

The swats [1] sae ream'd [2] in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.[3]
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco [4] sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new [5] frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker [6] in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke,[7] black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,[8]
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.[9]—
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantraip slight,[10]
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly [11] table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns; [12]
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae the rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab [13] did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain [14] son o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd,[15] amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:

[1] Ale. [2] Frothed or mounted. [3] Farthing. [4] Strange. [5] Brand-new.
[6] Window recess. [7] Shaggy dog. [8] Made them screech. [9] Thrill, vibrate.
[10] Magical trick. [11] Holy. [12] Irons. [13] Mouth. [14] Own. [15] Stared.



The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,[1]
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,[2]
And coost her duddies [3] to the wark,
And linket [4] at it in her sark! [5]

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,
A' plump and strapping in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,[6]
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen![7]
Thir breeks [8] o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,[9]
For ae blink [10] o' the bonnie burdies! [11]

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwooddie [12] hags wad spean [13] a foal,
Lowping [14] and flinging on a crummock,[15]
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie,[16]
There was ae winsome wench and waulie,[17]
That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,[18]
And kept the country-side in fear,)
Her cutty sark,[19] o' Paisley harn,[20]
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.[21] —
Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft [22] for her wee Nannie,

[1] Linked arms. [2] Every hag sweated and smoked. [3] Cast off her clothes. [4] Tripped smartly. [5] Chemise. [6] Greasy flannel. [7] Very fine (No. 1700) linen. [8] These breeches. [9] Thighs, legs. [10] One look. [11] Lasses. [12] Gaunt and withered. [13] That would wean. [14] Leaping. [15] Crook-headed staff. [16] Very well. [17] Tall and good-looking. [18] Much wheat and barley. [19] Short shirt. [20] Coarse linen. [21] Boastful, proud. [22] Bought.

Wi' twa pund Scots ('t was a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;[1]
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,[2]
(A souple jade she was, and strang,)
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een[3] enrich'd;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd[4] fu' fain,
And hotch'd[5] and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne[6] anither,
Tam tint[7] his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,[8]
When plundering herds assail their byke;[9]
As open pussie's[10] mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When, "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' monie an eldritch skreech[11] and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou 'll get thy fairin'!
In hell they 'll roast thee like a herrin'!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig:[12]
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient[13] a tail she had to shake!

[1] Must lower. [2] Leaped and flung. [3] Eyes. [4] Fidgeted. [5] Hitched. [6] Then. [7] Lost. [8] Fuss. [9] Nest. [10] The hare's. [11] Unearthly screech. [12] Bridge. [13] Devil.

For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;[1]
But little wist she Maggie's mettle —
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail:
The carlin claught[2] her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump!

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, tak heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

[1] Intent. [2] Hag clutched.

STUDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUERIES.

1. Who were the heroines of the songs in which the following verses or stanzas occur?

(*a*) "A bonny lass, I will confess,
Is pleasant to the ee,
But without some better qualities
She 's no a lass for me."

(*b*) "Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she 's bonny, O;
The opening gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O."

(*c*) "Ye geck at me because I 'm poor,
But feint a hair care I."

(*d*) "And she 's twa sparkling, roguish e'en."

(*e*) "Yestreen, when to the trembling string,
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing —
I sat, but neither heard nor saw."

(*f*) "I kent her heart was a' my ain;
I loved her most sincerely:
I kissed her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley."

(*g*) "Gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O,
And warl'ly cares, and warl'ly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O."

(*h*) "Though mountains rise, and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between,
Yet dearer than my deathless sowl,
I still would love my Jean."

(*i*) "Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I 'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary 's asleep by thy murmuring stream —
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream."

(*j*) "Farewell the glen sae bushy, O!
Farewell the plain sae rushy, O!
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my Highland Lassie, O."

(*k*) "Powers celestial! whose protection
Ever guards the virtuous fair,
While in distant climes I wander,
Let my Mary be your care."

(*l*) "How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,
With green-spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair!
But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr."

(*m*) "There 's not a bonny flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There 's not a bonny bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean."

(*n*) "That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met
To live one day of parting love?"

(*o*) "I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I 'll dearly rue;
I got my death frae twa sweet e'en,
Twa lovely e'en o' bonny blue."

(*p*) "Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine."

(*q*) "Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, and then, for ever!"

(*r*) "Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair."

(*s*) "The snaw-drop and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie — and Nannie 's awa'."

(*t*) "Oh, saw ye bonnie Lesley,
As she gaed o'er the Border?
She 's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

"To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For nature made her what she is,
And never made another."

(*u*) "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care?"

(*v*) "Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie."

(*w*) "Oh fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose."

(*x*) "Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na:
At length she blushed a sweet content,
And love was aye between them twa."

(*y*) "Such was my Chloris' bonny face,
When first her bonny face I saw;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'."

(*z*) "Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I 'd shelter thee, I 'd shelter thee."

2. In what well-known poems may the following verses or stanzas be found?

(*a*) "Some books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd:
E'en ministers, they hae been kenn'd,
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid at times to vend,
And nail 't wi' Scripture."

(*b*) "Wee, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic 's in thy breastie!
Thou needna start awa' sae hasty,
Wi' bick'ring brattle!
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle."

(*c*) "But, fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
Oh, wad ye tak a thought and men'!
Ye aiblins might — I dinna ken —
Still hae a stake —
I 'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Even for your sake."

(*d*) "Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose."

(*e*) "Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market,

And strutted in a bank, and clerkit
My cash-account;
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,
Is a' th' amount."

(*f*) "But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them
They mak enow themselves to vex them."

(*g*) "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion;
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And e'en devotion!"

(*h*) "Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it:
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far, perhaps, they rue it."

(*i*) "Who made the heart, 't is He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord — its various tone,
Each spring — its various bias:
Then at the balance let 's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What 's done we partly may compute,
But know not what 's resisted."

(*j*) "Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust."



(*k*) "Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I sit me down and sigh:
O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I."

(*l*) "Guid grant that thou may aye inherit
Thy mither's person, grace, and merit,
And thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,
Without his failin's:
'T will please me mair to see 't and hear 't
Than stockit mailins."

(*m*) "When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or colic squeezes,
Our neighbor's sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee — thou hell o' a' diseases,
Aye mocks our groan!"

(*n*) "It 's no in titles nor in rank;
It 's no in wealth like Lon'on bank, —
To purchase peace and rest:
It 's no in making muckle mair;
It 's no in books; it 's no in lear, —
To make us truly blest."

(*o*) "Gie me a spark o' Nature's fire!
That 's a' the learning I desire:
Then, though I drudge through dub an' mire
At pleugh or cart,
My muse, though hamely in attire,
May touch the heart."

(*p*) "To make a happy fire-side clime
To weans and wife, —
That 's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

ANSWERS.

1. (*a*) Nelly Kirkpatrick; (*b*) Agnes Fleming; (*c*) Isabella Steven; (*d*) Ellison Begbie; (*e*) Mary Morison; (*f*) Annie Ronald; (*g*) uncertain; (*h*) Jean Armour (afterwards his wife); (*i*) uncertain, but supposed to be "Highland Mary"; (*j*) "Highland Mary"; (*k*) the same; (*l*) Miss Charlotte Hamilton; (*m*) his wife; (*n*) "Highland Mary"; (*o*) Miss Jean Jeffrey; (*p*) Miss Deborah Davies ("lovely Davies"); (*q*) Mrs. McLehose ("Clarinda") — Mrs. Jameson speaking of this song says: "It is itself a complete romance, and contains the essence of an existence of pain and pleasure distilled into one burning drop"; (*r*) Mrs. McLehose; (*s*) the same; (*t*) Miss Lesley Baillie; (*u*) the daughter of a gentleman of Carrick, name not now known; (*v*) "Highland Mary"; (*w*) Miss Jessie Staig; (*x*) Miss Jean M'Murdo; (*y*) Jean Lorimer; (*z*) Jessie Lewars.

2. (*a*) "Death and Dr. Hornbook"; (*b*) "To a Mouse"; (*c*) "Address to the Deil"; (*d*) "The Jolly Beggars"; (*e*) "The Vision"; (*f*) "The Twa Dogs"; (*g*) "To a Louse"; (*h*) "Address to the Unco Guid"; (*i*) the same; (*j*) "To a Mountain Daisy"; (*k*) "Despondency.— An Ode"; (*l*) "To his Illegitimate Child"; (*m*) "Address to the Toothache"; (*n*) "Epistle to Davie"; (*o*) "Epistle to John Lapraik"; (*p*) "Epistle to Dr. Blacklock."



STUDY OUTLINE FOR CLUBS AND CIRCLES.

THE aim of the present book is to give the reader such facilities for the study of Burns as will make other helps unnecessary. To assist readers, however, both those who may be content with what is here given and those who may wish to make a further study of Burns, the following outline is drawn up. It will be especially useful to members of clubs and circles who may wish to confine their study of Burns to one or two evenings, and who yet desire in that time to get as much out of their study as possible. It will be useful also to those who wish to know something about the literature on Burns most available to the ordinary reader.

1. Read the "Biographical Study" as herein given.

2. Find in Burns' poems the particular poems from which the extracts in the biographical study have been taken.

3. Read "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

4. Find and read the poems written in honor of (1) Jean Armour (Mrs. Burns), (2) Highland Mary, (3) Mary Morison, (4) Charlotte Hamilton, (5) "Clarinda," (6) Jean McMurdo, (7) Jean Lorimer, (8) Jessie Staig, (9) Jessie Lewars.

5. Read "A Mountain Daisy," "To a Mouse," "The Wounded Hare," "John Anderson, My Jo," "Address of Bruce at Bannockburn," "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," "Sweet Afton," "The Banks of Doon," "The Twa Dogs," "The Brigs of Ayr," "To a Haggis," "For a' that and a' that," "Hallowe'en," "The Jolly Beggars," "Tam o' Shanter," "Holy Willie's Prayer."

(NOTE. Not all the poems and songs here mentioned are suitable for reading in public.)

6. Members of clubs and circles, as well as private students, will also find considerable interest in hunting up and reading the poems referred to in our "Students' Notes and Queries." Some of these, it may be remarked, are the same as some of those in the lists above, but many are different.



SIR WALTER SCOTT.





SIR WALTER SCOTT.
From the Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY.

By JOHN EBENEZER BRYANT.

SCOTT is incomparably the world's greatest novelist of the romantic school. Nay, more; he is one of the world's very greatest masters of imagination in the literary art. Only a few others — as, for example, Dickens — can be ranked equal with him. Only a very few — as, for example, Shakespeare — can be placed in any respect above him. He has his limitations, even as Dickens had, even also as Shakespeare had; but, notwithstanding all these, the verdict of the reading public of to-day, as was that of the reading public of his own time, is that as a creator of fictional character, and especially as a re-creator of the historic past, Scott's genius was second only to that of Shakespeare, if, indeed, in these respects it was not equal to Shakespeare's.

There exists just now a school of critics — an exiguous and unfollowed school, however — who affect to find Scott's imaginative work insufficiently realistic, and who would therefore rank him as an artist inferior to those ingenious but scarcely highly gifted literary craftsmen whose fine-spun attenuation of frugal incident and plot, and photographic reproduction of merely contemporary

life and character, are the dominant features of the imaginative literature of this last decade of our century.

But because of such an opinion as this, let no ingenuous youth who has formed a taste for reading Scott's romances fear to confess his fondness for them, or fail, if such be his bent, to take generous and enthusiastic pride in his delight in them. The greatest scholars and thinkers of every generation since these romances first began to appear, the greatest masters in every fine and in every industrial art, have taken the same delight in them, and have felt the same exaltation because of their delight in them. For to know Scott is precisely the same kind of knowledge as to know Shakespeare; and to be fond of Scott, to take delight in reading and remembering Scott, gives rise to the same glow and exaltation of feeling that one experiences who is fond of Shakespeare, and who takes delight in reading and remembering Shakespeare.

Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, Aug. 15, 1771. His father was an attorney — a strictly upright, proud, precise, and formal man, conscientiously methodical and industrious, from whom, no doubt, Scott derived much of his sense of honor, his pride, his conservatism, and his dogged, determined, persevering habits of work. His mother was a well-educated woman, of great power of memory and great faculty for narration ; and undoubtedly it is to her that the future novelist's own marvellous power of memory and faculty for narration must be ascribed. But Scott's wonderfully composite character and vast intellectual endowment were derived quite as much from other ancestors as from these immediate ones. He came from a race of border gentry, many of them,

in earlier times, border raiders, moss-troopers, and free lances, and from them, no doubt, inherited that courage, self-confidence, and bold readiness to try throws with fortune at any time, which in prosperous days led him into enterprises which his prudence should have forbidden, and which in days when calamities came pouring thick upon him, gave him not merely fortitude to endure them, but resolute determination heroically to set his face to conquer them.

As a child Scott was precocious far beyond the ordinary, and early gave promise of being a remarkable per-



WALTER SCOTT IN 1777.

sonage. Even at six years of age he described himself as "a virtuoso"; as "one who wishes and will know everything." In physique he was delicate and weakly, and for that reason was sent to live much with his grandfather's people in the country. In the outdoor life thus obtained for him, he grew to have a strong and

vigorous constitution; but a lameness which, when very young, he had acquired through fever, remained with him all his life. In time he attended for a short while the high school at Edinburgh; and afterward he was sent to a school at Kelso. But as a student at school he won no great reputation. He learned Latin, but declined to learn Greek. For that which interested him he had a surpassing facility of acquisition, but he cared little for the merely technical parts of education. His memory was astonishingly retentive and accurate; while it rejected unconsciously that which was not akin to his sympathies and tastes, it seemed to retain everything else. He was a great favorite with his companions and fellow-students because of his gifts as a story-teller. Even as a child he had held audiences of his elders spell-bound while he narrated or declaimed tales of border exploit and daring. His mind soon became a vast storehouse of striking incident and picturesque detail. The past — the past of his sympathies and affections — the past of chivalry and romance — was to him as the present. To feed this passion he spared himself no labor or inconvenience. He read everything he could find that would serve to illuminate, even ever so little, the field of his research. But his great resource was the traditionary lore of the living inhabitants of those districts whose history had been eventful. To get possession of this, he travelled about unwearyingly, on foot, in all the Scottish lowlands and border country, visiting every scene which he knew to be associated with interesting legend or historic incident, and talking with the people to whom these legends and incidents were matters of common belief and knowledge. He was a wel-

come intruder wherever he went; for he had a special faculty for winning the favor and good-will of strangers, especially of the common people, whose store of traditionary lore is always greatest, and who therefore, perhaps unconsciously, felt a fellow-feeling with him in his pursuit.

These "raids into Liddesdale," as he called them, and excursions into other districts, constituted a favorite relaxation with Scott, not only all through his school and college days, but afterward while he was a student-at-law and while he practised at the bar. His father was much provoked at this apparent lack of practicality in his son's conduct, and reproached him with wasting his time at "peddling," instead of taking seriously to his profession. Once when Scott lamented in his father's hearing his inability to play the flute, and so more easily win his way among the people in his tramps by pleasing them with his flute-playing, as Goldsmith is said to have done in his tour of Europe, his father indignantly predicted as to his future: "I greatly doubt, sir, you were born for nae better than a gangrel scrape-gut." Scott's musical ability, however, was exceedingly deficient, and he could not hope to reduce expenses by its aid; but with his inexhaustible fund of droll and humorous anecdote and romantic tale and legend, and with his marvellous gift as a narrator, he was a boon companion everywhere; and whether among the rude but hearty dalesmen of the lowland hill country, or the most fastidious coteries of the Edinburgh bar, he was equally at home and equally the choicest of good spirits.

Scott's pursuit of antiquarian information and romantic incident and legend early became the main business

of his life. After his call to the bar (in 1792) he for some time applied himself steadily to the practice of his profession; but he did so as a means to an end. His object seems to have been the securing of some quasi-legal official position in which he could be sure of an income and yet have leisure enough for his private avocation. In this he was successful. In 1799 he obtained the office of sheriff of Selkirkshire, with a salary of £300 a year and not very onerous duties. In 1806 he undertook the work of clerk of the Court of Session. The duties of this position were considerable, especially for six months of the year, when the court was sitting. But they still left him a fair share of time for his private pursuits. For six years he discharged the duties of the office without remuneration; but in 1812 he was able to enter upon its emoluments, and these afforded him a further income of £1,300 a year. His joint income from his two offices was thus £1,600 a year; and this, added to what he gained from his literary work (it is estimated that during his lifetime he earned not less than £140,000 by his pen), made his total income from 1812 forward (he was then but forty-one years old) not merely sufficient but ample, even for the scale of living he had adopted, which, it must be said, as prosperity increased with him, became more and more expensive, until at last, through munificence rather than prodigality, it certainly was excessive. But the unfortunate commercial speculations into which, beginning in 1805, he had entered, resulted, in 1826, when he was fifty-five years of age and youthful freshness and energy were but a memory with him, in his being a ruined man, prostrated with a debt of over £150,000.

Scott's speculative ventures are a sadly distressing feature in an otherwise magnificently successful career. The sanguineness of disposition and simplicity of conduct he manifested in them are in strange contrast with the strong common sense with which he endows many



LADY SCOTT.

of his fictitious characters. They gave to his life, however, an element of pathos which otherwise it had lacked; and when the culminating blow came, and he set all the resources of his intellect and his unconquerable will to undo the effects of it, the pathos became sublime; and the last years of the great novelist's life, when, amid

bodily distresses, domestic bereavement, and consciously fast-failing mental powers, he worked night and day with unceasing energy to pay off the claims against him and redeem his commercial honor, were, in moral grandeur, the noblest of them all.

There is also an element of pathos in Scott's domestic life. He early gave his heart to a young lady of beauty and social position, who, for a time at least, seemed to requite his affection by bestowing hers upon him in return. For six years he indulged the hope of marrying her; but in the end she accepted another suitor, and, as it would seem, somewhat suddenly so. Scott never forgot, nor quite forgave, the wound thus inflicted upon his deepest, his most passionate feelings; for his was a strong nature. His pride, however, carried him over the crisis; and within a year he married (in 1798) a Mlle. Charpentier, the daughter of a French gentlewoman, a royalist, then finding an asylum in Britain. This young lady was also a beauty and of good social position, and she had besides an income of her own. But though she loved her husband, and made him a good wife, she was no mate for him, either in depth of character or in intellectual sympathies; and, on Scott's part at least, there could not help but be a sense of something amiss in the union, although it is not known that he ever so expressed it.

Scott's first serious venture into literature was his collection of old Scottish ballads, with notes, introduction, illustrations, etc., and some new ballads of his own, entitled "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." This publication (issued in 1802, when he was thirty-one years of age) was exceedingly successful, and at



once gained for him a high literary name. Some of his own contributions to the ballads of the volumes were among the very finest poems he ever wrote. In 1805 appeared his first great poem, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." This composition, a romance in verse, was the first realization of Scott's special genius, the power of portraying romantic incident and character; and though "The Lay" was a somewhat less perfect manifestation of this genius than some of his later poems, as these again were less perfect manifestations of it than were afterward his brilliant prose romances, it was, nevertheless, a great and notable production, and immediately placed its author in the very front rank of British poets. "The Lay," too, had the merit not only of excellence but of novelty. It constituted a distinct accession to the realm of literature. It was indeed an excursion into a field of poetic composition hitherto utterly untrod. In 1808 appeared "Marmion," Scott's greatest poem, and one of the world's great literary masterpieces. In 1810 "Marmion" was followed by "The Lady of the Lake," Scott's most popular poem; a composition, however, in which the poetic treatment of the theme is less striking than the development of its narrative interest. In 1813 followed "Rokeby," and in 1815 "The Lord of the Isles," poems in which, in a still more marked degree than in "The Lady of the Lake," the interest depends less upon poetic power and feeling than upon mere dramatic narration.

But Scott had by this time discovered that vein in his genius from which its richest treasures were to be extracted. In 1805 he had begun a prose romance entitled "Waverley," which, however, he had laid aside

unfinished and forgotten. In the summer of 1814 he chanced upon the unfinished manuscript again, and at once he set at work to complete it. This he did with almost incredible speed, for he wrote at least two-thirds of the story in less than three weeks. "Waverley" was published anonymously, but it took the world by storm. It was followed early in 1815 by "Guy Mannering," and in 1816 by "The Antiquary" and "Old Mortality," the first and second being among his very best works, and the third perhaps the very best of all. In 1817, although suffering from an exceedingly painful illness of the stomach, he turned out "Rob Roy" and "The Heart of Midlothian," each an immortal production. And so the stream flowed on. Much of his best work was dictated to amanuenses amid fits of suffering so acute that his assistants would urge him to desist; but the unconquerable will never faltered, even for an instant. "The Bride of Lammermoor," "The Legend of Montrose," and "Ivanhoe," the first the most pathetic, the last perhaps the most popular of the novels, were all produced in this way. Then followed "The Monastery" and "The Abbot," the former thought by some a failure, the latter, which is a supplement to it, adjudged by every one to be a triumphantly redeeming success. Then, within three years, were produced "Kenilworth," his great historical romance, "The Pirate," "The Fortunes of Nigel," — noted for its dramatic characterization of King James I, — "Peveril of the Peak," "Quentin Durward," "St. Ronan's Well," and "Redgauntlet," the two latter thought by many critics to be among the poorest of the series. "St. Ronan's Well," however, though severely criticised and



much condemned, has its defenders, and with many readers of the Waverley novels it ranks as the very best.

A curious circumstance connected with the publication of the Waverley novels (as these romances are always termed) was their anonymity; for Scott chose to continue throughout the plan of concealing his name which he had adopted at the beginning. The author of the novels was familiarly spoken of as "The Great Unknown"; and who he was remained for some years a secret known only to a few. Even after his identity with the author of "Waverley" was an open secret, Scott himself and all of Scott's friends took the greatest pains to maintain the fiction that the two were not the same; and sometimes their actions led to what seemed to be the most authoritative denial of the truth. He himself reviewed the novels in the *Quarterly Review*. Nor did he openly acknowledge his responsibility for any of the first twenty-three novels which he wrote until about the end of his career.

What intensified the mystery as to the authorship of these novels was the fact that, though many unmistakable signs pointed to Scott as their author, his well-known most laborious industry and marvellous productivity in other branches of literature seemed utterly to preclude the possibility of it. To mention only the names of his many literary productions outside of poetry and romance would be tedious; but as a single instance of his laborious activity his "Dryden" may be cited. This was a new edition of Dryden's works in eighteen volumes, accompanied by a "Life," — a piece of work that is considered by competent judges to be quite sufficient to have employed the entire energies of

one man for at least eight years! And yet his "Dryden" was only a fraction of his other work during the years he was turning out the Waverleys.

Scott was undoubtedly the most brilliantly successful literary worker the world has ever known. Some may perhaps have equalled him in money earnings, though this is scarcely probable. Some may perhaps have won a higher social recognition. But, taken all in all, Scott's success is unparalleled. His money earnings in his own lifetime approximated three-quarters of a million of dollars. He was the most popular, the most highly esteemed, the most sought-after author of his time. He had won undying fame in two great departments of literature, — poetry and prose romance; while as a historian, an antiquarian, a biographer, an editor, and a critic, his performances were ranked with the very best. He held two offices of high social rank and ample emoluments; and his discharge of the duties involved in them was so faithfully methodical and painstaking that, far from diminishing the credit of his literary career, they very much enhanced it. He had bought a fine estate in his favorite Liddesdale, and had gratified his natural taste by planting it with forests, whose growth he watched with loving solicitude, until his domain resembled that of some mediæval baron. He had built upon it a mansion, "Abbotsford," a "romance in stone and mortar," which was a place of pilgrimage to the literati of all nations, and where he indulged in a hospitality that was almost boundless. He had been made a baronet at the hands of his king; and the honor was bestowed upon him in such a manner as to be peculiarly significant of the esteem in which he was held, not only by the king, but



ABBOTSFORD, FROM THE SOUTHEAST.



THE ENTRANCE HALL, ABBOTSFORD.

by that social class of which the king is the culminating representative. His character was known to be spotless; his domestic life a happy one. His wife and children loved him; his friends were devoted to him; the people on his estate almost passionately adored him; while the general public regarded him with a feeling that no other literary man has ever been the object of; for with the honor that was bestowed upon him for the merit of his acknowledged literary work, and especially of the work which in spite of contrary appearances every one believed to be his, because of the impossibility of its being any other's, there was mixed a strange half-unbelief in the possibility of this work being his at all! So that, while he was universally regarded as being the first literary man of his time, there was a mystery about him which enhanced his reputation to a degree now almost inconceivable.

A success so brilliant as Scott's seemed to be, had it had no relief from the sadder aspects of life, would have dazzled the eyes of the world to the real intrinsic grandeur of his character, if, indeed, that character itself had not succumbed to the deteriorating influences of so much good fortune. But, as before intimated, Scott's life had aspects sad enough; and much of his good fortune came to a tragical and crushing end. In 1805 he had entered into a secret partnership in a printing business with James Ballantyne, an old Kelso schoolfellow. In 1809 he entered into a partnership, also a secret one, with John Ballantyne, a brother of James, in a publishing and bookselling business. Neither of these men was fit to be intrusted with the management of such a large enterprise as Scott contrived by his literary efforts

and literary connections to put into their hands; and of the two John Ballantyne, who had the more important end to look after, was by far the more incompetent. Scott's own judgment in such business matters as he passed opinion upon (which, however, were not many) seems to have been woefully deficient in prudence and common sense. The ventures of the two firms were huge and exceedingly unprofitable. Time and time again financial ruin was averted only by Scott coming to the rescue with money, or with books that sold well with the public. Finally the publishing house was wound up. But another house, that of Constable & Co., who now desired to be Scott's publishers, became heavily burdened by the acquisition of the large unsalable stocks of the late publishing firm; and the printing house was likewise heavily burdened by assuming its financial obligations. Scott himself contributed to the causes of disaster by drawing upon his new publishers for immense sums of money in advance for works still to be written. Finally, in the year 1825, a year of financial crises all over the empire, the credit of the house of Constable & Co. became impaired. Early in January, 1826, it suspended payment. Its utter collapse immediately followed, as also that of the printing house of James Ballantyne & Co., to which the Constable firm was greatly indebted. Not only had Scott to retire all the bills that he had drawn upon Constable & Co. for unwritten works, but he had to assume the debts of the Ballantyne printing house, which alone amounted to £117,000. The total indebtedness thus suddenly thrown upon him amounted to no less than £150,000.

It would have been an easy matter for Scott to have

compromised with his creditors, but his pride made such a recourse abhorrent to him. "God granting me time and health," he said, "I will pay every penny." Then began the grandest part of Scott's career, though an infinitely sad part. He sat down to work off this enormous debt by his pen alone. Troubles came upon him with unrelenting haste. His wife, of whose delicate beauty and fragile frame he had ever been exceedingly tender, sickened and died. His own health broke. Rheumatism attacked him, and crippled his hands so that he could not hold a pen. He was prostrated by paralytic seizures. Worse than all, his brain gave way. He is said to have worked during much of this time with little more than half a brain. He became a victim to aphasia. Finally his imaginative faculties grew inert. As he himself described it, "The magician's wand had broken."

It is marvellous, however, what Scott accomplished in these five years of bodily and mental paralysis. In three months after the failure he had finished "Woodstock," the last of his great novels, though not, of course, one of the very best. For this he received £8,228. In two years he had completed his great historical work, his "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," for which he received £18,000. By January, 1828, he had paid off £40,000 of his debts. It is estimated that in less than six years more, had his health been spared to him, he would have discharged every debt he owed. It is marvellous, too, to realize that some of his very best work (though it was of minor character) was produced during this time of physical and mental impairment. Also during these years several excellent novels were added to his list, and some of his most popular short historical tales were

written. But, alas, his mental powers were failing fast, undoubtedly because of the immense strain to which he was subjecting them. In 1830 there was a very serious seizure. The end was bound to come soon. Two novels that he completed in the early part of 1831, "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous," warned his friends that he should be persuaded to desist. Finally a strange illusion fortunately possessed him. He fancied that all his debts were paid, and that he was once more "a free man," as he put it. He then accepted an offer, which the government had made to his physicians, to place a vessel of the navy at his disposal; and he spent some months cruising about in the Mediterranean. While many of his faculties were gone, many remained as bright as ever; and the year had much enjoyment for him. But the death of Goethe in March (1832), whom he had hoped to visit at Weimar, greatly depressed him. He desired to hasten home. In June he was in London, a dying man. With great difficulty he was got to his beloved Abbotsford, where he passionately longed to be. One day he fancied he could write again; but when he realized that the fingers could not hold the pen in their clasp he sank back in his chair disheartened. "Get me to bed," said he; "that is the only place." And in his bed he died, a few days later — Sept. 21, 1832.

Though Scott's belief that his debts were paid was an illusion, it was not very far from the truth. The value of his copyrights was very great. In 1833, by an arrangement with his publisher, his general creditors were paid in full; and in 1847, fifteen years after his death, the estate of Abbotsford was finally relieved of all incumbrance upon it, and an outstanding bond of £10,000,

given to Constable to avert disaster some time before the ultimate failure, was also discharged. Thus, though he was not granted the health and time he prayed for, the object that he had set himself so resolutely to effect was finally accomplished, and "every penny" of his debt was paid.

SIR WALTER SCOTT—A TEN-MINUTE TALK.

By LEWIS EDWARD GATES, A.B.,
Professor of English, Harvard University.

WHAT value have Sir Walter Scott's novels for men and women of to-day? Is Scott still worth reading in this age, when science has taught us the importance of truth in fiction, and when novelists analyze action and motive, and explain and illustrate character with a thoroughness and delicate suggestiveness that Scott's "big bow-wow" style never attains to?

In point of fact, it is the very lack of subtlety in Scott, that makes him still eminently worth while. He opens to us a world where we may rest for a breathing space from the intellectual worry, the nervous wear and tear, and the over-refining casuistry of modern life. In Scott's world the brave men and the fair women and the treacherous villains all know from the first with refreshing certainty what they want, and they set about securing this with delightful courage and single-heartedness. Life as Scott portrays it has freedom, directness, and simplicity. It may, of course, be urged that this simplification of human nature tends to reduce life to a struggle among a few primitive instincts; that love, hate, greed for power, jealousy, and two or three more of the good old elementary virtues and vices almost monopolize our attention. With this suggestion in mind it is easy

to understand the force of Thomas Love Peacock's parody on Scott's war songs: —

> "The mountain sheep are sweeter,
> But the valley sheep are fatter.
> We therefore deem it meeter
> To carry off the latter.
> We made an expedition;
> We met a host and quelled it;
> We forced a strong position
> And killed the men who held it."

Scott's novels of adventure seem pretty nearly made up of this instinctive pursuit of obvious goods. Sir Andrew Aguecheek's formula for life — it "consists of eating and drinking" — will prove fairly true for the life Scott shows us, provided we add fighting and love-making. Yet, with what splendid pageantry this life is put before us! How magnificent a drama is set in motion by the action of these primitive instincts! How the natural man within us rejoices in the gorgeous adequacy with which these simple functions are fulfilled! It is precisely for this reason that Scott is a fine tonic, and sends the blood more courageously through our veins. After reading him we feel that life is easier, simpler, better worth while, a braver and finer affair than we have been wont to believe it. To read and enjoy Scott is to renew and preserve our *naïveté*, and, after all, *naïveté* is only another name for immortality. Your only utterly disillusioned man is your corpse.

Then again, as a pleasant and effective means of coming into close imaginative touch with the past of our race, Scott's novels are in many respects still unrivalled. Scott was one of the greatest antiquarians of his day.

He knew with the utmost minuteness and accuracy the manners and customs of feudal England, the characteristics of the life of each age from Saxon times down through the seventeenth century. All this knowledge he offers us in his novels, vitalized by his imagination, and made real by human sympathy. He has seen and felt this life more vividly and intensely than many of us see and feel the life that strikes continuously on our senses from day to day. Century after century he reconstructs for us this life of the past — reconstructs it perhaps with illusory beauty, with some meretricious decoration, with much disregard of its actual evils and ennuis. But, at any rate, he makes us aware of its large contours, of its most salient features, of its most significant qualities. Thus he enlarges our horizon and unites us vitally with the past of our race. We come to see ourselves as only one in a long series of generations. We escape from the egoism of the present, detach ourselves a bit from our own prejudices, realize whence we have come, see ourselves in perspective. To his own age Scott's discovery and reunification of the past was one of his most noteworthy services. Even to-day, after historical research has made such astonishing progress, Scott's novels are among the most prevailingly delightful and suggestive revealers of the past.

Finally, to know Scott's writings well is to be made free of a singularly lovable and admirable nature. The charm of Scott's personality was irresistible. It imposed itself even on animals. Dogs adored him; a small pig used to follow him with romantic affection when he went for his walks on the Abbotsford estate. Among peasants, as among literary and society notabilities, he was the



most welcome of guests. His geniality, his humor, his frank, hearty manliness, his generosity, his readiness to amuse and to be amused, his endless store of entertaining anecdote, his tact and his union of sympathy with originality, made him the best of companions for an hour or for a lifetime. His friendships were generous and enduring. All these qualities of mind and heart are in one way or another dimly felt even to-day as a reader runs through Scott's stories. We are taken a bit into the confidence of a very noble nature — of a man of large mind, sane instincts, enduring courage, rich sympathy and far-ranging experience. We feel that Scott has lived widely and diversely, and found life good; we feel that he has suffered deeply and yet has found in human comradeship something that atones. We are insensibly led to an imitation of his frank, courageous acceptance of life — of this life of ours that mixes so quaintly its good and its evil.

For all these reasons, then, Scott remains — despite our modernity, despite our increase in subtlety and accomplishment and sophistication — indeed, largely because of these very characteristics of the life of to-day — a permanent source of culture and delight.

In the maturity of his powers he wrote "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," which was received with a rapture of enthusiasm. The selection is a portrait of the aged harper:—

"The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old.
His withered cheek and tresses gray
Seemed to have known a better day.
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he
Who sung of border chivalry.
For, well-a-day! their date was fled;
His tuneful brethren all were dead,
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn;
No longer, courted and caressed,
High placed in hall a welcome guest,
He poured to lord and lady gay
The unpremeditated lay.
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door,
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear."

The following lines on Melrose Abbey, from the same poem, show Scott's descriptive powers at their best: —

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray,



MELROSE ABBEY FROM THE SOUTHEAST.

When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seemed framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imag'ry,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,

And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave;
Then go — but go alone the while —
Then view St. David's ruined pile,
And, home returning, soothly swear
Was never scene so sad and fair."

Scott made the mountains and lakes of Scotland famous throughout the world. The following lines, describing Loch Katrine, are selected from "The Lady of the Lake":—

"And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far-projecting precipice.



THE SILVER STRAND, LOCH KATRINE.



THE TROSACHS.

The broom's tough roots his ladder made;
The hazel saplings lent their aid;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd,
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek and bay,

And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south huge Benvenue
Down on the lake in masses threw
Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world;

A wildering forest feather'd o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar:
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare."

This is the most popular of Scott's poems. It is interesting in story and plot, chivalric in type, and richly picturesque. Its publication carried Scott's fame as a



ROSLIN'S GLEN.

poet to its most brilliant height. The following stanza is from the boat song: —

"Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!
Honored and blessed be the ever-green pine!
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!



Sir Walter Scott.



Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gaily to bourgeon and broadly to grow;
While every highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'"

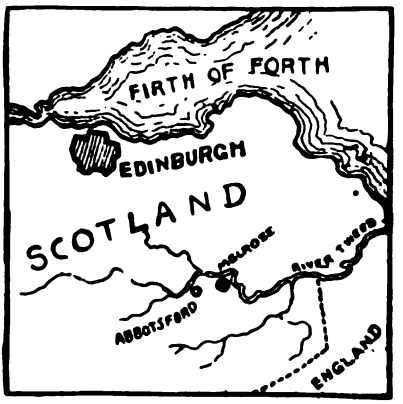
The ruins of Roslin Castle, the baronial residence of the ancient family of St. Clair, located near a romantic and woody dell, are referred to in the "Gray Brother": —

"Who knows not Melville's beechy grove
And Roslin's rocky glen,
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
And classic Hawthornden."

ABBOTSFORD: SCOTT'S HOME.

"I understand his romances the better for having seen his house, and his house the better for having read his romances." — NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

ABBOTSFORD is located about three miles west of Melrose, in the county of Roxburgh, Scotland. Before the estate became, in 1811, the property of Sir Walter Scott,



MAP OF COUNTRY ABOUT EDINBURGH.

the site of the house and grounds formed a small farm known by the name of Clarty Hole. The new name was the invention of the poet, who loved thus to connect himself with the days when Melrose abbots passed over the fords of the River Tweed.

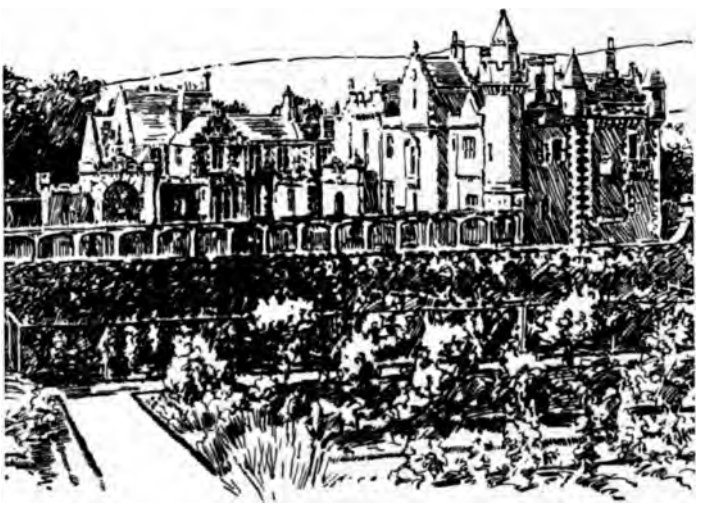
On a sloping bank overhanging the river, with the Selkirk hills behind, Scott built at first a small villa, now the western wing of the castle. Afterward, as his income increased, he added the remaining portions of the building, on no uniform plan, but with the desire of combining in it some of the features of those ancient works of Scottish architecture which he most venerated. The result is a singularly picturesque and irregular pile, such an one as nobody but Scott would have thought of erecting, yet eminently imposing in its general effect, and in most of its details full of historic interest and beauty.

In a letter to his brother-in-law, Mr. Carpenter, Scott describes his new property, adding: —

"I intend building a small cottage here for my summer abode, being obliged by law, as well as by inclination, to make this country my residence for some months of every year. This is the greatest incident which has lately taken place in our domestic concerns, and I assure you we are not a little proud of being greeted as *laird and lady of Abbotsford*."

The greatest practical romance of Scott's life was the improvement of the almost sterile soil and the construction of the quaint, picturesque edifice, as much castle as mansion, of Abbotsford. The most fascinating scheme among all the wild dreams of his fancy, it has been said, was to purchase lands; to raise himself a fairy castle; to become, not the minstrel of a lord as were many of those of old, but a minstrel-lord himself. The practical romance grew. On the banks of the Tweed began to rise the fairy castle, quaint and beautiful. Lands were added to lands; over hill and dale spread the dark embossment of future woods; Abbotsford was spoken of far and wide.

If you expect a great castle you will be disappointed. It is described as resembling an old French *château*, with its miniature towers and small windows grafted upon an Elizabethan mansion. It occupies considerable ground, but is deficient in massiveness and loftiness. On a castellated gateway is hung an iron collar used for holding culprits by the neck brought from Thrieve



ABBOTSFORD: THE GARDEN FRONT.

Castle, the ancient seat of the Douglases in Galloway. The mansion shows portico, bay windows of painted glass, battlemented gables and turrets. There is a good deal of carved work on the corbels and escutcheons. Through a light screen of freestone, finely carved and arched, the garden and greenhouse may be seen. On all sides, except toward the river, the house connects itself with the garden, according to an old, picturesque



THE DRAWING-ROOM AT ABBOTSFORD.



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S ARMORY.



fashion. On the right hand of the portico is a carved image of Scott's favorite dog, Maida; on the left, a Gothic fountain from the old cross of Edinburgh. A square tower is ascended by steps from the outside; at the other end is a round tower covered with ivy. The house is more than one hundred and fifty feet long in front, and its walls abound in heraldic and other carvings. There is a balcony ranging along the whole front, where during dinner John of Skye, the wild piper, used to strut to and fro playing Scotch airs.

The porch, upon which gigantic stags' horns are fastened, opens into a fine hall, forty feet long and twenty feet wide and high, lined with dark oak wainscot richly carved. The ceiling is a series of arches, also of carved oak, with an armorial shield emblazoned in colors and metals, upon the centre of each beam. Around the cornice are two rows of escutcheons, bearing the arms of thirty or forty of the old chieftains of the border. A running inscription all around in black letter reads as follows: —

"These be the coat arms of the Clannis and chief men of name wha keepit the marchys of Scotland in the auld time for the Kynge. Trewe were they in their tyme, and in their defense God them defendit."

Over and round a doorway are the shields of Scott's particular personal friends. The room is crowded with curiosities — ancient armor, cuirasses and eagles from Waterloo, helmets and spurs, historic swords, and massive chairs.

The other show apartments are the drawing-room, dining-room, breakfast-room, armory, library, and study.

Raeburn's portrait, showing Scott sitting by a ruined wall with two dogs, is in the drawing-room, as is also a portrait of Lady Scott. Mr. Hawthorne, in describing the latter, says it shows "a brunette, with black hair and eyes, very pretty, warm, vivacious, and un-English." The dining-room, a plain, well-proportioned apartment, contains a number of historical portraits. From the ceiling hangs a large and handsome chandelier, which



THE LIBRARY AT ABBOTSFORD.

had formerly adorned some stately palace. The armory is crowded with curiosities. The library, lighted by windows looking out upon the Tweed, contains over fifty thousand volumes — many upon Scottish history, magic, and antiquities.

In the study, which really was the author's workshop,



there is only a simple table, upon which still remains the massive silver inkstand always used by Scott, and constantly kept clear of ink-stains. Scott was neat, even methodical, in his habits, and eschewed all literary litter. He kept his papers in most exact and regular order, each document duly inscribed with its date and the name of its writer or subject, and tied with red tape. He was careful, even particular, with his books, the majority, which he considered worth the honor and cost, being handsomely bound and lettered; and almost every summer he had a handy bookbinder at Abbotsford, who made necessary repairs, retouching and gilding and repasting the loosening title labels. When he lent a book, which was seldom, he took a piece of wood the size of the volume, pasted on one of the edges a slip of paper on which were written the title of the book, the borrower's name and address, the date of lending, and the day on which it should be returned. These blocks were put upon the shelves, and remained there, a record and a reminder, until the loaned books were returned.

Abbotsford was usually taxed to its utmost to accommodate its many guests: some of them old and valued friends; some, persons of distinction in literature, science, and society; some, drawn from abroad to see the country he had described so well; and some, accepting the slightest hint as an invitation, quartering themselves upon its owner, with selfish curiosity, for several days at a time. Lady Scott was not generally supposed to be a particularly sagacious or brilliant woman; but there was wisdom as well as wit in her remark that "Abbotsford was very like a large hotel, except that people did not pay."

Many of the trees comprising the Abbotsford forest were brought from distant countries, and the gardens and grounds were planned and planted by Scott himself. It was his delight, when his literary work for the day was finished, to engage in the sports and pleasures of rural life, followed usually by his retinue of dogs; and none was happier than that "hard-featured and faithful old forester, Tom Purdie, whom Scott's kindness had changed from a poacher into a devoted servant, when the green shooting coat, white hat, and drab trousers of the jovial sheriff appeared in the distance on the path that led to the plantations."

CRITICAL STUDIES AND REMINISCENCES.

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OF SCOTT'S POETRY.

THE distinctive features of the poetry of Scott are ease, rapidity of movement, a spirited flow of narrative that holds our attention, an out-of-doors atmosphere and power of natural description, an occasional intrusion of a gentle personal sadness, and but little more. The subtle and mystical element so characteristic of the poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge is not to be found in that of Scott, while in lyrical power he does not approach Shelley. We find, instead, an intense sense of reality in all his natural descriptions; it surrounds them with an indefinable atmosphere, because they are so transparently true. He possessed in a remarkable degree the rare power of grasping life, as it were, with the bare hand; of learning by a shrewd insight into men's lives, and by a healthy fellowship with nature in all her moods. — PANCOAST.

THE CHARM OF SCOTT'S VERSE.

It has, indeed, rarely happened in the history of literature that poems written off-hand like these, with so little pains and so little revision, have gained more than a brief lease of life. Scott himself, with his delightful

modesty, did not look for permanent fame as a poet. In all that he anywhere says of his poetry his words are quite sound, simple, and unpretending. He recognized the limits of his power and the sources of his popularity; he was pleased, but not elated, by success. Success could, indeed, do nothing but good to so manly and healthy a nature. The real and abiding charm of his verse consists not in its style, or in its stock of ideas, nor in any significance underlying the narrative, but in qualities which depend upon personal character. It is the expression of a generous nature, with a living interest in the outward spectacle of the world, a quick sympathy with the actors in the long drama of life, and a keen sense of relation to the earth and enjoyment of it. It is the expression of a lover of his own land, of its mountains and glens and rivers and lakes, dearer for the sake of the story of its people, a story as varied and picturesque as the scenery itself. The literary critic will find a hundred faults in his poems; but the boy, entranced by the tale, does not know they are there, and the man, jaded with care and weary of books, does not mind them, finding refreshment in verse inspired with the breath of the open air, unstudied in its animation, unforced in its sentiment, and making simple appeal to his memory and imagination. — CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

SCOTT'S IMAGINATIVE POWER.

Walter Scott ranks in imaginative power hardly below any writer save Homer and Shakespeare. His best works are his novels; but he holds a high place as a poet in virtue of his metrical romances and of his lyrical



pieces and ballads. His poetry flowed from a nature in which strength, high spirit, and active energy were united with tender sensibility; and with an imagination wonderfully lively, and directed by historic and antiquarian surroundings, and by personal associations toward the feudal past. Homer may have been a warrior debarred from battle by blindness; Scott would perhaps have been a soldier if he had not been lame. — GOLDWIN SMITH.

SCOTT AND THE FUTURE.

To couple the name of Scott with dulness sounds profane, especially when one remembers the kind of literature which is bought with avidity at railway bookstalls, and for some mysterious reason supposed to be amusing. If Scott is to be called dull, what reputation is to be pronounced safe? That Scott adulterated his writings with inferior materials, and in some cases beat out his gold uncommonly thin, cannot be denied. But when time has done its worst, will there be some permanent residue to delight a distant posterity, or will his whole work gradually crumble into fragments? Will some of his best performances stand out like a cathedral amongst ruined hovels, or will they sink into the dust together, and the outlines of what once charmed the world be traced only by historians of literature? It is a painful task to examine such questions impartially. This probing a great reputation, and doubting whether we can come to anything solid at the bottom, is specially painful in regard to Scott. For he has at least this merit, that he is one of those rare natures for whom we feel not merely admiration, but affection. We cherish the fame

of Pope or Byron or Swift in spite of, not on account of, their personal characters; if we satisfied ourselves that their literary reputations were founded on the sand we might partly console ourselves with the thought that we were only depriving bad men of a title to genius. But for Scott men must feel even in stronger measure that kind of warm fraternal regard which Macaulay and Thackeray expressed for the amiable but perhaps rather cold-blooded Addison. The manliness and the sweetness of the man's nature predispose us to return the most favorable verdict in our power. And we may add that Scott is one of the last great English writers whose influence extended beyond his island, and gave a stimulus to the development of European thought. We cannot afford to surrender our faith in one to whom, whatever his permanent merits, we must trace so much that is characteristic of the mind of the nineteenth century. Whilst, finally, if we have any Scotch blood in our veins, we must be more or less than men to turn a deaf ear to the promptings of patriotism. When Shakespeare's fame decays everywhere else the inhabitants of Stratford-on-Avon, if it still exist, should still revere their tutelary saint; and the old town of Edinburgh should tremble in its foundation when a sacrilegious hand is laid upon the glory of Scott. — LESLIE STEPHEN.

SCOTT'S GREAT AMBITION.

There is something of irony in such a result of the herculean labors of Scott to found and endow a new branch of the clan of Scott. He valued his works little compared with the house and lands which they were to

be the means of gaining for his descendants ; yet every end for which he struggled so gallantly is all but lost, while his works have gained more of added lustre from the losing battle which he fought so long than they could have gained from his success. What there was in him of true grandeur could never have been seen had the fifth act of his life been less tragic than it was. Generous, large-hearted, and magnanimous as Scott was, there was something in his days of prosperity that fell short of what men need for their highest ideal of a strong man.

Unbroken success, unrivalled popularity, imaginative effort flowing almost as steadily as the current of a stream, — these are characteristics which, even when enhanced as they were in his case by the power to defy physical pain and to live in his imaginative world when his body was writhing in torture, fail to touch the heroic point. Till calamity came Scott appeared to be a nearly complete natural man, but no more. Then first was perceived in him something above nature, something which could endure through every end in life for which he had fought so boldly should be defeated, — something which could endure and more than endure, which could shoot a soft transparence of its own through his years of darkness and decay.

That there was nothing very elevated in Scott's personal or moral or political or literary ends ; that he never for a moment thought of himself as one who was bound to leave the earth better than he found it ; that he never seems to have so much as contemplated a social or political life for which he ought to contend ; that he lived to some extent like a child blowing soap-bubbles, the brightest and most gorgeous of which, the Abbotsford

bubble, vanished before his eyes, — is not a take-off from the charm of his career, but adds to it the very specialty of its fascination. For it was his entire unconsciousness of moral or spiritual efforts, the simple, straightforward way in which he labored for ends of the most ordinary kind, which made it clear how much greater the man was than his ends, how great was the mind and character which prosperity failed to display, but which became visible at once as soon as the storm came down and the night fell. Few men who battle avowedly for the right battle for it with the calm fortitude, the cheerful equanimity, with which Scott battled to fulfil his engagements and to save his family from ruin. — RICHARD H. HUTTON.

SCOTT, THE REVEALER OF HIS OWN COUNTRY.

It is upon Scott's early studies of the life of his own country, and what we have ventured to call his revelation of that country to the other nations of the earth, that his fame will always rest. Taken all in all, no such unbroken line of worthy and often brilliant work has been left by any other workman in this region of literature. They have done more to brighten the world, to soothe the weary, to elevate the standard of general, and what if the reader pleases we may call commonplace, excellence than any other works of fiction the world has ever seen. Not a word in them all has ever insinuated evil or palliated dishonor. — MRS. OLIPHANT.

SCOTT, THE CREATOR OF THE HISTORICAL NOVEL.

Scott may be said to have created the historical novel. He stands alone in that branch of literary work. Others have made, it may be, one great success in the novel of history, such as Thackeray in "Henry Esmond," George Eliot in "Romola," and Robert Louis Stevenson in "The Master of Ballantrae"; but Scott has brought alike the times of the Crusaders and of the Stuarts before us. He has peopled the land of Palestine and the hills of Scotland, the forests of England and the borders of the Rhine, for our edification and delight. Paladin and peasant, earl and yeoman, kings and their jesters, bluff men-at-arms and gentle bower maidens, all spring into life again at the touch of the "great enchanter." The Waverley novels are the splendid witness of the breadth, sympathy, and purity of one of the great creative intellects of our literature, — worthy, indeed, of a place among the immortals, side by side with Chaucer, and nearest to the feet of Shakespeare himself. — PANCOAST.

SCOTT UNITES THE LOWLANDS AND HIGHLANDS.

There is a certain *abandon* in Scott's work which removes it from the dignity of the ancient writers; but we are repaid for this loss by the intensity and the animated movement, the clear daylight, and the inspired delight in and with which he invented and wrote his stories. It is not composition; it is Scott actually present in each of his personages, doing their deeds and speaking their thoughts. His national tales — and his own country

was his best inspiration — are written with such love for the characters and the scenes that we feel his living joy and love underneath each of the stories as a completing charm, as a spirit that enchants the whole. And in these tales and in his poems his own deep kindliness, his sympathy with human nature, united after years of enmity, the Highlands to the Lowlands. — STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

SOME OF SCOTT'S CHARACTERS.

The fame of Scotland's scenery, the inspiration of her romantic history, and the union in sentiment of her



LOCH KATRINE, ELLEN'S ISLE.

peoples — lowlanders and highlanders — are due very largely to the leadership of Sir Walter Scott. He speaks and acts through characters which were the natural product of the country through centuries of advancing civilization. In bringing back "the moss-trooper and the border knight, the glowing tartans and the tragic passion of the highland chieftains," he introduces Scotland to herself, and suggests a newer and broader outlook and a larger and richer life.

Scott's characters do not flourish outside of the environments of their origin. They cannot easily be transplanted. Among the most famous are the following: —

Dominie Sampson. Absent-minded, faithful, and affectionate, with a remarkable awkwardness of manners and simplicity of character. His language was always quaint, and, having been educated for the church, he frequently used the forcible and peculiar phraseology of the Scriptures. Found in "Guy Mannering."

Robin Hood. The gallant and generous "king of outlaws and prince of good fellows." Found in "Ivanhoe."

Jeanie Deans. David Deans' daughter. A perfect model of sober heroism — of the union of good sense with strong affections. Found in "The Heart of Midlothian."

Meg Merrilies. Henry Bertram's gypsy nurse and a character of commanding interest. She was venerated by her tribe, over whom she held arbitrary authority. She impressed beholders with feelings of superstitious awe. Devoted to Henry Bertram, weird and oracular, she moves through the novel like a spirit of destiny. Found in "Guy Mannering."

Madge Wildfire. Meg Murdockson's simple-minded daughter. She was very loquacious, and her talk was lively but disjointed. "Pilgrim's Progress" was the favorite subject of her conversation. She received the name of Madge Wildfire from the frequency of her singing the following song: —

"I glance like the wildfire through country and town,
I am seen on the causeway, I 'm seen on the down.

The lightning that flashes so bright and so free
Is scarcely so blithe or so bonny as me."

Found in "The Heart of Midlothian."

Edie Ochiltree. A mendicant who had formerly been a soldier. He played an important part in bringing to a happy issue the love affairs of Lovel and Miss Wardour, and in his old age became a member of their household. Found in "The Antiquary."

Meg Dods. Hostess of Cleikum Inn. Meg's especial antipathy was the fashionable hotel at St. Ronan's well. Desiring no master, Meg refused to share her small fortune with any of the numerous aspirants for her hand. She exerted arbitrary sway over her servants and guests. Found in "St. Ronan's Well."

Other characters equally widely known are Fergus and Flora MacIvor in "Waverley"; Mr. Oldbuck, Bailie Littlejohn, and Monkbarns in "The Antiquary"; Preacher Macbrian in "Old Mortality"; MacGregor, Helen Campbell, and Diana Vernon in "Rob Roy"; Saddletree and Sharpitlaw in "The Heart of Midlothian"; Edgar Ravenswood, Caleb Balderstone, and Lucy Ashton in "The Bride of Lammermoor"; Isaac the Jew, Ivanhoe, and Lady Rowena in "Ivanhoe"; Amy Robsart in "Kenilworth"; Halbert Glendinning in "The Monastery"; and Alice Lee in "Woodstock."

SCOTT, A GENUINE MAN.

The surliest critic must allow that Scott was a genuine man, which itself is a great matter. No affectation, fantasticality, or distortion dwelt in him, no shadow of cant. Nay, withal was he not a right brave and strong man according to his kind? A most composed, invincible man; in difficulty and distress knowing no discouragement; Samson-like, carrying off on his strong Samson shoulders the gates that would imprison him. — CARLYLE.



SCOTT'S CAPACITY FOR UNIFORM WORK.

There is no evidence that any one of the novels was labored or even so much as carefully composed. Scott's method of composition was always the same; and when writing an imaginative work the rate of progress seems to have been pretty even, depending much more upon the absence of disturbing engagements than on any mental irregularity. The morning was always his brightest time; but morning or evening, in country or in town, well or ill, writing with his own pen or dictating to an amanuensis in the intervals of screaming fits due to the torture of cramp in the stomach, Scott spun away at his imaginative web almost as evenly as a silkworm spins at its golden cocoon. — RICHARD H. HUTTON.

SCOTT'S GREAT SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Scott's son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, in describing a journey through Scotland, says that wherever Scott slept, whether in a noble mansion or in the shabbiest of country inns, he very rarely mounted the carriage in the morning without having ready a package of manuscript, corded and sealed, and addressed to his printer in Edinburgh. And yet all the while he kept himself thoroughly well informed upon contemporary literature of all sorts. Mr. Lockhart gives as the grand secret his perpetual practice of his own grand maxim, "Never to be doing nothing." Every moment was turned to account, and thus he had leisure for everything.

On his return from Naples in June, 1832, Scott was

at once conveyed to Abbotsford, a complete wreck in body and mind. He desired to be wheeled through his rooms, and as members of his family moved him leisurely for an hour or more up and down the hall and the great library, he kept saying: "I have seen much, but nothing like my ain house. Give me one turn more."

SCOTT IN CONVERSATION.

The conversation of Scott was frank, hearty, picturesque, and dramatic. During the time of my visit he inclined to the comic rather than the grave in his anecdotes and stories, and such, I was told, was his general inclination. He relished a joke or a trait of humor in social intercourse, and laughed with right good will. He talked, not for effect or display, but from the flow of his spirits, the stories of his memory, and the vigor of his imagination. He had a natural turn for narration; and his narratives and descriptions were without effort, yet wonderfully graphic. He placed the scene before you like a picture; he gave the dialogue with the appropriate dialect or peculiarities, and described the appearance and characters of his personages with that spirit and felicity evinced in his writings. He made himself so thoroughly the companion of those with whom he happened to be that they forgot for a time his vast superiority, and only recollected and wondered, when all was over, that it was Scott with whom they had been on such familiar terms, and in whose society they had felt so perfectly at ease.
— WASHINGTON IRVING.

SCOTT'S HUMOR.

The following quotation is given as illustrating Scott's humor. It was spoken to Ballantyne, the printer and journalist, who thought of leaving Edinburgh to reside in the country: —

"When our Saviour Himself was to be led into temptation, the first thing the devil thought of was to get Him into the wilderness."

SCOTT'S PERSONALITY.

Sir Walter Scott was more than six feet in height, though the lameness of his right limb caused him to walk awkwardly. The Rev. J. C. Young, in a memoir of C. M. Young, the tragedian, gives the following description of his personal appearance: —

"It was not long before we heard the eager tread of a stamping heel resounding through the corridor, and in another second the door was flung open, and in limped Scott himself. His light-blue, waggish eye, sheltered, almost screened, by its overhanging penthouse of straw-colored, bushy brows; his scant, sandy-colored hair, the Shakespearean length of his upper lip, his towering Pisgah of a forehead, which gave elevation and dignity to a physiognomy otherwise deficient in both; his abrupt movements, the mingled humor, urbanity, and benevolence of his smile, all recur to me with startling reality."

WASHINGTON IRVING'S REMINISCENCE OF SCOTT.

Among the many visitors at Abbotsford was Washington Irving. In one of his sketches he thus describes his first meeting with Scott: —

"In a little while the 'lord of the castle' himself made his appearance. I knew him at once by the descriptions I had read and heard, and the likenesses that had been published. He was tall, and of a large and powerful frame. His dress was simple, and almost rustic. An old green shooting-coat with a dog whistle at the buttonhole, brown linen pantaloons, stout shoes that tied at the ankles, and a white hat that had evidently seen service. He came limping up the gravel walk, aiding himself by a stout walking staff, but moving rapidly, and with vigor. By his side jogged along a large iron-gray staghound of the most grave demeanor."

SCOTT'S BROAD SCOTCH.

Scott's pronunciation of words, considered separately, was seldom much different from that of a well-educated Englishman of his time; but the tone and accent of his speech was always broadly Scotch.

SCOTT'S BODILY STRENGTH.

Scott says that when he was a young man he could with one hand, and by grasping the horn, lift a blacksmith's anvil. "But," he adds, "I could do it only before breakfast." He was an expert as well as powerful wielder of the axe.

SCOTT, A SMOKER.

Smokers may be glad to know that Scott smoked both pipes and cigars. In a letter to his son he says: "As you hussars smoke, I will send you one of my pipes, but you must let me know how I can send it safely. It is a very handsome one, though not my best."



SCOTT'S DOGS.

Of Scott's deerhounds there is an unbroken succession. It was Camp on whose death he relinquished a dinner invitation previously accepted, on the ground that the death of an old friend rendered him unwilling to dine out; Maida, to whom he erected a marble monument; and Nimrod, of whom he spoke so affectingly as too good a dog for his diminished fortunes.

SCOTT'S ACTIVITY IN YOUTH.

Lockhart gives us many instances of Scott's activity in his boyhood and youth. Despite his lameness he was noted for his fearlessness in climbing and for his strength and hardihood in fighting. A frolic or a fight always found him ready, and he seemed equally well prepared for either.

SCOTT'S YOUTHFUL STRATEGY.

Scott's sagacity in judging of the characters of others was shown even as a schoolboy. He had long desired to get above a schoolfellow who defied all his efforts. Scott noticed that whenever a question was asked the lad's fingers grasped a particular button on his waistcoat, while his mind went in search of the answer. Scott accordingly concluded that if he would remove this button his rival would be beaten; and so it proved. The button was cut off; and the next time the lad was questioned, his fingers being unable to find the button, and his eyes going in perplexed search after his fingers,

he stood confounded; and Scott gained by strategy the place which he failed to gain by mere industry.

SCOTT'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

In one of Scott's letters to his son, he expresses himself on the necessity and dignity of labor as follows: —

"I rely upon it that you are now working hard in the classical mine, getting out the rubbish as fast as you can, and preparing yourself to collect the ore. I cannot too much impress upon your mind that labor is the condition which God has imposed upon us in every station of life. There is nothing worth having that can be had without it, from the bread which the peasant wins with the sweat of his brow to the sports by which the rich man must get rid of his *ennui*. The only difference between them is that the poor man labors to get a dinner for his appetite, the rich man to get an appetite for his dinner. As for knowledge, it can no more be planted in the human mind without labor than a field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plow. There is indeed this great difference — that chance or circumstance may so cause it that another may reap what the farmer sows; but no man can be deprived, whether by accident or misfortune, of the fruits of his own study, and the liberal and extended acquisitions of knowledge that he makes are all for his own use. Labor, my dear boy, therefore, and improve the time. In youth our steps are light, and our minds are ductile, and knowledge is easily laid up. But if we neglect our spring, our summer will be useless and contemptible, our harvest will be chaff, and the winter of our old age unrespected and desolate."

SCOTT'S DEATHBED ADMONITION TO HIS SON-IN-LAW.

On his deathbed it consoled him that he had not compromised the interests of virtue. He said to his son-in-law: —

"Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man — be virtuous, be re-

ligious — be a good man. Nothing else will give you comfort when you come to lie here."

SCOTT'S FUNERAL AND DRYBURGH ABBEY.

Though intended by the family to be strictly private, Scott's funeral was attended by a large concourse of friends and admirers from all parts of Scotland. By their own request Sir Walter's old domestics and foresters bore the coffin to the hearse, and from the hearse to the grave, by the side of his wife, in the north transept of the old Abbey of Dryburgh.

Dryburgh is a sweet old monastic seclusion on the River Tweed, about four miles from Melrose. Here, lying deep below the surrounding country, the river sweeps on between high, rocky banks overhung with that fine growth of trees which no river presents in more beauty, abundance, and luxuriance. The ruins of the abbey tower magnificently above the trees. The interior is now greensward, and two rows of cedars grow where formerly stood the pillars of the aisles. The cloisters and south transept are more entire, and display much fine workmanship. The square, from one pillar of the aisle to the next, which in many churches, as in Melrose, formed a confessional, forms here a burial-place. It is that of the Scots of Haliburton, from whom Scott was descended; and that was probably one reason why he chose this place, though its monastic beauty and associations were no doubt the main causes. The ruined arches and the trees about give it the utmost picturesque effect. It is a mausoleum in entire keeping with his character, genius, and feelings.

There is no solemn monument — neither "storied urn" nor "ornamented bust" — over Scott's grave. A solid



THE CHANTREY BUST OF SCOTT.

block of Aberdeen granite, shaped after a design by Chantrey, covers the remains, and bears the simple inscription: —

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET.

Died September 21st, 1832.



DRYBURGH ABBEY, FROM THE CLOISTER COURT.



SCOTT'S TOMB, AT DRYBURGH ABBEY.

CHANTREY'S BUST OF SCOTT.

The marble bust done by Sir Francis Chantrey in 1820, now at Abbotsford, seems to command the most favorable criticism of all Scott's likenesses.

SCOTT'S MONUMENT IN EDINBURGH.

Among the world's memorials of great men, there are few more celebrated for architectural splendor than the monument to Sir Walter Scott, located on Princess Street, Edinburgh. It is slightly more than two hundred feet high, and is built of finely grained brown sandstone in the pointed style developed at Melrose Abbey. The first story consists of a noble grained vault, open on four sides, and flanked by large, richly decorated, and pinnacled turrets. Beneath this arch is a statue nine feet high, cut from a single block of marble, and representing Scott seated on a rock and wrapped in a shepherd's plaid, holding book and pen, and attended by Maida lying at his feet. The second story is a small but lofty room, brilliantly lighted with colored windows. Around the exterior of the second and third stories are galleries from which views can be had of the elaborate sculpture with which the monument is enriched, and, especially from the upper gallery, of the city and its vicinity.

SOME QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

QUERIES.

1. What poem of Robert Browning's describes one of Scott's ancestors?

2. What incidents in Scott's life show his love for his dogs Camp and Maida?

3. What poem of Scott's was composed in the saddle, and has the stir of a cavalry charge in it?

4. In one of Scott's novels, one of the characters, a royalist, is described as having died from the excitement of the joy occasioned by his meeting Charles II. on his restoration. Who was the character, and in what novel is the incident told?

5. What heroine of Scott's was it who refused marriage because her interest was in the restoration of the Stuarts, and also encouraged her brother in an undertaking that led to his execution?

6. What play founded upon one of Scott's novels was acted with great success by Charlotte Cushman and also by Mme. Janauschek? What character in this play did these actresses take?

7. In one of Scott's novels a character, "a descendant of a German printer," is represented as having trained his maiden sister and his niece to consider him, so to speak, "the greatest man on earth." Who was this character? and what is the novel in which the character appears?

8. What character in the novels is represented as having devoted his life to the renovation of the gravestones of the martyrs of the Covenant?

9. In what novel of Scott's, and in what character of the novel, is given a picture of sisterly devotion said to be even nobler than that of George Meredith's "Rhoda Fleming"?

10. What novel of Scott's forms the basis of a well-known Italian opera? What incident in the novel is reminiscent of Ophelia?



11. Who was the soldier of fortune in Scott's novels, that, when visited in prison by the lord of the castle, recognized the lord's disguise, throttled him, and forced him to give the password, and so escaped?

12. What king is it, in one of Scott's works, whose character, subtle and superstitious, is frequently said to be Henry Irving's greatest impersonation?

13. In one of Scott's works a beautiful girl is represented as having been walled up alive. Who was the girl? and in what work is her sad history related?

14. In what book is it described how a famous dwarf hides in a cello case, and informs a king of treachery?

15. Who said the following words, and under what circumstances were they said? — "Mourn not for me, but care for your own safety. I die in mine armor as a —— should, and I die pitied by Mary Stuart."

16. What famous beauty was it who, when condemned to die at the stake, expressed her gratitude to her deliverer's wife by giving her a casket of diamonds?

17. In what book of Scott's do we have a picture of an Elizabethan entertainment? What three queen's favorites are described in the book? And with what sweet girl, now buried at St. Mary's, Oxford, was connected the sad tragedy whose history the book relates?

18. What famous child was once Walter Scott's pet and delight, whom he used to carry to his home through the "angry airt," shielding her in his plaid?

19. What curious instance of the popularity of "Marmion" is recorded?

20. What novel gives a picture of a king liberated from prison by means of a loved melody sung outside?

ANSWERS.

(1) "Muckle-Mouth Meg." And this ancestor of Scott's transmitted a distinct trace of her large mouth to her descendant, who used it, however, to advantage as the spokesman of his race. (2) When Camp died, Scott refused a dinner invitation previously accepted, saying that "the death of an old friend" prevented his

coming. For Maida he built a marble monument. (3) "Marmion," a story of the battle of Flodden. (4) Sir Henry Lee, in "Woodstock." (5) Flora MacIvor, in "Waverley," a story which relates to the insurrection in the Stuart interest led by Charles Edward in 1745. (6) "Guy Mannering." The *rôle* was that of Meg Merrilies, a weird gypsy, akin to the witches of "Macbeth." (7) Jonathan Oldbuck in "The Antiquary," who boasted that these two women were the only ones he had ever seen "well broken and bitted to obedience." (8) Robert Patterson, or "Old Mortality," whose white pony fed among the tombs while his master was engaged in his labors. (9) "The Heart of Midlothian," whose interest centres upon the heroic efforts of Jeanie Deans to procure the pardon of her sister Effie. (10) "The Bride of Lammermoor." Lucy Ashton, the beautiful heroine, goes mad from unhappy love, and a tragedy follows. "Lucia de Lammermoor" is the opera. (11) Dugald Dalgetty, in "The Legend of Montrose," a second Falstaff, who boasted of his adventures under Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North. (12) Louis XI. in "Quentin Durward." (13) Constance de Beverly, in "Marmion," an escaped nun, who received the doom of death as her punishment for broken vows. (14) Sir Humphry Davy, in "Peveril of the Peak." He was a favorite of Henrietta Maria. (15) George Douglas, in "The Abbot." He had assisted the queen to escape. (16) Rebecca, the Jewess, in "Ivanhoe"; and to Ivanhoe's wife, the Saxon Rowena, were given the jewels. (17) In "Kenilworth." Earls of Leicester and Sussex and Sir Walter Raleigh. Amy Robsart. (18) Marjorie Fleming, who at seven years of age used to sit on Scott's stout shoulder and recite Shakespeare — a most precocious and interesting child. A year later she died. A delightful account of her is given in the Little Classics — "Childhood." (19) Two old men, entire strangers, were passing one another on a dark London night. One happened to be repeating to himself, "Charge, Chester, charge!" when suddenly a reply came out of the darkness, "On, Stanley, on!" whereupon they finished the death of Marmion together, took off their hats to each other, and parted, laughing. (20) "The Talisman" gives a picture of Richard the Lion-Hearted being found in prison by his minstrel Blondel.

READINGS FROM SCOTT.

SUNSET IN A STORM.

THE sun was now resting his huge disk upon the edge of the level ocean, and gilded the accumulation of towering clouds through which he had travelled the livelong day, and which now assembled on all sides, like misfortunes and disasters around a sinking empire and falling monarch. Still, however, his dying splendor gave a sombre magnificence to the massive congregation of vapors, forming out of their unsubstantial gloom the show of pyramids and towers, some touched with gold, some with purple, some with a hue of deep and dark red. The distant sea, stretched beneath this varied and gorgeous canopy, lay almost portentously still, reflecting back the dazzling and level beams of the descending luminary, and the splendid coloring of the clouds amidst which he was setting. Nearer to the beach the tide rippled onward in waves of sparkling silver, that imperceptibly, yet rapidly, gained upon the sand.

With a mind employed in admiration of the romantic scene, or perhaps on some more agitating topic, Miss Wardour advanced in silence by her father's side, whose recently offended dignity did not stoop to open any conversation. Following the windings of the beach, they passed one projecting point, or headland of rock, after

another, and now found themselves under a huge and continued extent of the precipices by which that iron-bound coast is in most places defended. Long projecting reefs of rock, extending under water, and only evincing their existence by here and there a peak entirely bare, or by the breakers which foamed over those that were partially covered, rendered Knockwinnock Bay dreaded by pilots and shipmasters. The crags which rose between the beach and the mainland, to the height of two or three hundred feet, afforded in their crevices shelter for unnumbered sea-fowl, in situations seemingly secured by their dizzy height from the rapacity of man. Many of these wild tribes, with the instinct which sends them to seek the land before a storm arises, were now winging towards their nests with the shrill and dissonant clang which announces disquietude and fear. The disk of the sun became almost totally obscured ere he had altogether sunk below the horizon, and an early and lurid shade of darkness blotted the serene twilight of a summer evening. The wind began next to arise; but its wild and moaning sound was heard for some time, and its effects became visible on the bosom of the sea, before the gale was felt on shore. The mass of waters, now dark and threatening, began to lift itself in larger ridges, and sink in deeper furrows, forming waves that rose high in foam upon the breakers, or burst upon the beach with a sound resembling distant thunder. — *From "The Antiquary."*

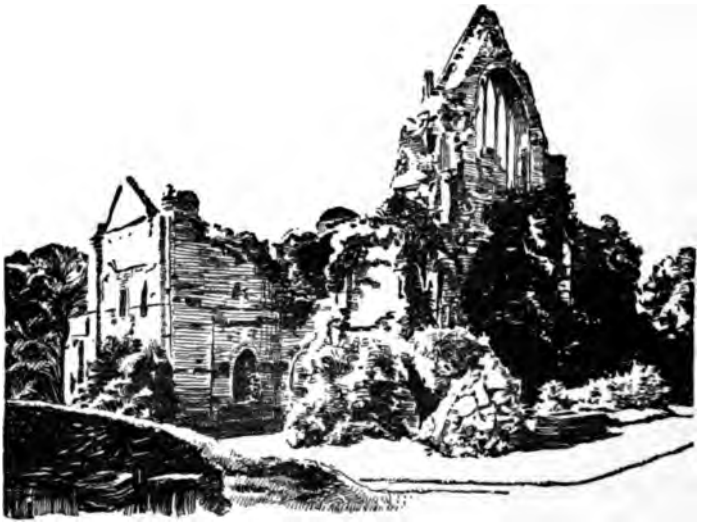
THE DISCOVERY OF THE TOMB OF ROBERT THE BRUCE.

Such of the Scottish knights as remained alive returned to their own country. They brought back the

heart of the Bruce, and the bones of the good Lord James. These last were interred in the church of St. Bride, where Thomas Dickson and Douglas held so terrible a Palm Sunday. The Bruce's heart was buried below the high altar in Melrose Abbey. As for his body, it was laid in the sepulchre in the midst of the church of Dunfermline, under a marble stone. But the church becoming afterwards ruinous, and the roof falling down with age, the monument was broken to pieces, and nobody could tell where it stood. But a little while ago, when they were repairing the church at Dunfermline, and removing the rubbish, lo! they found fragments of the marble tomb of Robert Bruce. Then they began to dig farther, thinking to discover the body of this celebrated monarch; and at length they came to the skeleton of a tall man, and they knew it must be that of King Robert, both as he was known to have been buried in a winding sheet of cloth of gold, of which many fragments were found about this skeleton, and also because the breastbone appeared to have been sawn through, in order to take out the heart. So orders were sent from the King's Court of Exchequer to guard the bones carefully, until a new tomb should be prepared, into which they were laid with profound respect. A great many gentlemen and ladies attended, and almost all the common people in the neighborhood; and as the church could not hold half the numbers, the people were allowed to pass through it, one after another, that each one, the poorest as well as the richest, might see all that remained of the great King Robert Bruce, who restored the Scottish monarchy. Many people shed tears; for there was the wasted skull which once was the head

that thought so wisely and boldly for his country's deliverance; and there was the dry bone which had once been the sturdy arm that killed Sir Henry de Bohun, between the two armies, at a single blow, on the evening before the battle of Bannockburn.

It is more than five hundred years since the body of Bruce was first laid into the tomb; and how many,



DRYBURGH ABBEY FROM THE EAST.

many millions of men have died since that time, whose bones could not be recognized, nor their names known, any more than those of inferior animals! It was a great thing to see that the wisdom, courage, and patriotism of a King could preserve him for such a long time in the memory of the people over whom he once reigned. But then, my dear child, you must remember, that it is

only desirable to be remembered for praiseworthy and patriotic actions, such as those of Robert Bruce. It would be better for a prince to be forgotten like the meanest peasant, than to be recollected for actions of tyranny or oppression. — *From "The Tales of a Grandfather."*

THE PRAYER OF LOUIS THE ELEVENTH.

Above the little door, in memory perhaps of the deed which had been done within, was a rude niche containing a crucifix cut in stone. Upon this emblem the King fixed his eyes, as if about to kneel, but stopped short, as if he applied to the blessed image the principles of worldly policy, and deemed it rash to approach its presence without having secured the private intercession of some supposed favorite. He therefore turned from the crucifix as unworthy to look upon it, and selecting from the images with which, as often mentioned, his hat was completely garnished, a representation of the Lady of Clery, knelt down before it, and made the following extraordinary prayer; in which, it is to be observed, the grossness of his superstition induced him, in some degree, to consider the Virgin of Clery as a different person from the Madonna of Embrun, a favorite idol, to whom he often paid his vows.

"Sweet Lady of Clery," he exclaimed, clasping his hands and beating his breast while he spoke, "blessed Mother of Mercy! thou who art omnipotent with Omnipotence, have compassion with me a sinner! It is true that I have something neglected thee for thy blessed sister of Embrun; but I am a King, my power is great, my wealth boundless; and, were it otherwise, I

would double the *gabelle* on my subjects, rather than not pay my debts to you both. Undo these iron doors; fill up these tremendous moats; lead me, as a mother leads a child, out of this present and pressing danger! If I have given thy sister the county of Boulogne, to be held of her forever, have I no means of showing devotion to thee also? Thou shalt have the broad and rich province of Champagne; and its vineyards shall pour their abundance into thy convent. I had promised the province to my brother Charles; but he, thou knowest, is dead, — poisoned by that wicked Abbé of Saint John d'Angely, whom, if I live, I will punish! — I promised this once before, but this time I will keep my word. If I had any knowledge of the crime, believe, dearest patroness, it was because I knew no better method of quieting the discontents of my kingdom. O, do not reckon that old debt to my account to-day; but be, as thou hast ever been, kind, benignant, and easy to be entreated! Sweetest Lady, work with thy child, that he will pardon all past sins, and one — one little deed, which I must do this night — nay, it is no *sin*, dearest Lady of Clery — no sin, but an act of justice privately administered; for the villain is the greatest impostor that ever poured falsehood into a Prince's ear, and leans besides to the filthy heresy of the Greeks. He is not deserving of thy protection; leave him to my care; and hold it as good service that I rid the world of him; for the man is a necromancer and wizard, that is not worth thy thought and care, — a dog, the extinction of whose life ought to be of as little consequence in thine eyes as the treading out a spark that drops from a lamp, or springs from a fire. Think not of this little

matter, gentlest, kindest Lady, but only consider how thou canst best aid me in my troubles! And I here bind my royal signet to thy effigy, in token that I will keep word concerning the county of Champagne, and that this shall be the last time I will trouble thee in affairs of blood, knowing thou art so kind, so gentle, and so tender-hearted."

After this extraordinary contract with the object of his adoration, Louis recited, apparently with deep devotion, the seven penitential psalms in Latin, and several aves and prayers especially belonging to the service of the Virgin. He then arose, satisfied that he had secured the intercession of the Saint to whom he had prayed, the rather, as he craftily reflected, that most of the sins for which he had requested her mediation on former occasions had been of a different character, and that, therefore, the Lady of Clery was less likely to consider him as a hardened and habitual shedder of blood, than the other saints whom he had more frequently made confidants of his crimes in that respect. — *From "Quentin Durward."*

BEFORE THE READING OF THE WILL.

At the appointed hour, Mannering went to a small house in the suburbs to the southward of the city, where he found the place of mourning, indicated, as usual in Scotland, by two rueful figures with long black cloaks, white crapes and hat-bands, holding in their hands poles, adorned with melancholy streamers of the same description. By two other mutes, who, from their visages, seemed suffering under the pressure of some strange

calamity, he was ushered into the dining-parlor of the defunct, where the company were assembled for the funeral.

In Scotland, the custom, now disused in England, of inviting the relations of the deceased to the interment, is



SCOTT'S MONUMENT AT EDINBURGH.

universally retained. On many occasions this has a singular and striking effect; but it degenerates into mere empty form and grimace in cases where the defunct has had the misfortune to live unbeloved and

die unlamented. The English service for the dead, one of the most beautiful and impressive parts of the ritual of the church, would have, in such cases, the effect of fixing the attention, and uniting the thoughts and feelings of the audience present, in an exercise of devotion so peculiarly adapted to such an occasion. But, according to the Scottish custom, if there be not real feeling among the assistants, there is nothing to supply the deficiency, and exalt or rouse the attention; so that a sense of tedious form, and almost hypocritical restraint, is too apt to pervade the company assembled for the mournful solemnity. Mrs. Margaret Bertram was unluckily one of those whose good qualities had attached no general friendship. She had no near relations who might have mourned from natural affection, and therefore her funeral exhibited merely the exterior trappings of sorrow.

Mannering, therefore, stood among this lugubrious company of cousins in the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth degree, composing his countenance to the decent solemnity of all who were around him, and looking as much concerned on Mrs. Margaret Bertram's account as if the deceased lady of Singleside had been his own sister or mother. After a deep and awful pause, the company began to talk aside, — under their breaths, however, and as if in the chamber of a dying person.

"Our poor friend," said one grave gentleman, scarcely opening his mouth, for fear of deranging the necessary solemnity of his features, and sliding his whisper from between his lips, which were as little unclosed as possible, — "Our poor friend has died well to pass in the world."

"Nae doubt," answered the person addressed, with half-closed eyes; "poor Mrs. Margaret was aye careful of the gear."

"Any news to-day, Colonel Mannering?" said one of the gentlemen whom he had dined with the day before, but in a tone which might, for its impressive gravity, have communicated the death of his whole generation.

"Nothing particular, I believe, sir," said Mannering, in the cadence which was, he observed, appropriate to the house of mourning.

"I understand," continued the first speaker emphatically, and with the air of one who is well informed — "I understand there *is* a settlement."

"And what does little Jenny Gibson get?"

"A hundred, and the auld repeater."

"That 's but sma' gear, puir thing; she had a sair time o't with the auld leddy. But it 's ill waiting for dead folk's shoon."

"I am afraid," said the politician, who was close by Mannering, "we have not done with your old friend Tippoo Saib yet, — I doubt he 'll give the Company more plague; and I am told — but you 'll know for certain — that East India Stock is not rising."

"I trust it will, sir, soon."

"Mrs. Margaret," said another person, mingling in the conversation, "had some India bonds. I know that, for I drew the interest for her — it would be desirable now for the trustees and legatees to have the colonel's advice about the time and mode of converting them into money. For my part I think — But there 's Mr. Mortcloke to tell us they are gaun to lift."

Mr. Mortcloke the undertaker did accordingly, with a

visage of professional length and most grievous solemnity, distribute among the pall-bearers little cards, assigning their respective situations in attendance upon the coffin. As this precedent is supposed to be regulated by propinquity to the defunct the undertaker, however skilful a master of these lugubrious ceremonies, did not escape giving some offence. To be related to Mrs. Bertram was to be of kin to the lands of Singleside, and was a propinquity of which each relative present at that moment was particularly jealous. Some murmurs there were on the occasion; and our friend Dinmont gave more open offence, being unable either to repress his discontent, or to utter it in the key properly modulated to the solemnity. "I think ye might hae at least gi'en me a leg o' her to carry," he exclaimed, in a voice considerably louder than propriety admitted; "God! an it hadna been for the rigs o' land, I would hae gotten her a' to carry mysell, for as mony gentles as are here."

A score of frowning and reproving brows were bent upon the unappalled yeoman, who, having given vent to his displeasure, stalked sturdily down-stairs with the rest of the company, totally disregarding the censures of those whom his remarks had scandalized.

And then the funeral pomp set forth; saulies with their batons, and gumphions of tarnished white crape, in honor of the well-preserved maiden fame of Mrs. Margaret Bertram. Six starved horses, themselves the very emblems of mortality, well cloaked and plumed, lugging along the hearse with its dismal emblazonry, crept in slow state towards the place of interment, preceded by Jamie Duff, an idiot, who, with weepers and

cravat made of white paper, attended on every funeral, and followed by six mourning coaches, filled with the company. Many of these now gave more free loose to their tongues and discussed with unrestrained earnestness, the amount of the succession, and the probability of its destination. The principal expectants, however, kept a prudent silence, indeed, ashamed to express hopes which might prove fallacious; and the agent, or man of business, who alone knew exactly how matters stood, maintained a countenance of mysterious importance, as if determined to preserve the full interest of anxiety and suspense.

At length they arrived at the churchyard gates; and from thence, amid the gaping of two or three dozen of idle women with infants in their arms, and accompanied by some twenty children, who ran gambolling and screaming alongside of the sable procession, they finally arrived at the burial-place of the Singleside family. This was a square enclosure in the Greyfriars' churchyard, guarded on one side by a veteran angel, without a nose, and having only one wing, who had the merit of having maintained his post for a century, while his comrade cherub, who had stood sentinel on the corresponding pedestal, lay a broken trunk among the hemlock, burdock, and nettles, which grew in gigantic luxuriance around the walls of the mausoleum. A moss-grown and broken inscription informed the reader that in the year 1650 Captain Andrew Bertram, first of Singleside, descended of the very ancient and honorable house of Ellangowan, had caused this monument to be erected for himself and his descendants. . . .

Here then, amid the deep black fat loam into which



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

her ancestors were now resolved, they deposited the body of Mrs. Margaret Bertram; and, like soldiers returning from a military funeral, the nearest relations, who might be interested in the settlements of the lady, urged the dog-cattle of the hackney coaches to all the speed of which they were capable, in order to put an end to farther suspense on that interesting topic. — *From "Guy Mannering."*

THE FISHERMAN'S FUNERAL.

The Antiquary, being now alone, hastened his pace, which had been retarded by these various discussions, and the rencontre which had closed them, and soon arrived before the half-dozen cottages at Mussel-crag. They had now, in addition to their usual squalid and uncomfortable appearance, the melancholy attributes of the house of mourning. The boats were all drawn up on the beach; and, though the day was fine, and the season favorable, the chant, which is used by the fishers when at sea, was silent, as well as the prattle of the children, and the shrill song of the mother as she sits mending her nets by the door. A few of the neighbors, some in their antique and well-saved suits of black, others in their ordinary clothes, but all bearing an expression of mournful sympathy with distress so sudden and unexpected, stood gathered around the door of Mucklebackit's cottage, waiting till "the body was lifted." As the Laird of Monkbarns approached, they made way for him to enter, doffing their hats and bonnets as he passed, with an air of melancholy courtesy; and he returned their salutes in the same manner.

In the inside of the cottage was a scene which our Wilkie alone could have painted with that exquisite feeling of nature that characterizes his enchanting productions.

The body was laid in its coffin within the wooden bedstead which the young fisher had occupied while alive. At a little distance stood the father, whose rugged weather-beaten countenance, shaded by his grizzled hair, had faced many a stormy night and night-like day. He was apparently revolving his loss in his mind with that strong feeling of painful grief, peculiar to harsh and rough characters, which almost breaks forth into hatred against the world, and all that remain in it, after the beloved object is withdrawn. The old man had made the most desperate efforts to save his son, and had only been withheld by main force from renewing them at a moment, when, without the possibility of assisting the sufferer, he must himself have perished. All this apparently was boiling in his recollection. His glance was directed sidelong towards the coffin, as to an object on which he could not steadfastly look, and yet from which he could not withdraw his eyes. His answers to the necessary questions which were occasionally put to him were brief, harsh, and almost fierce. His family had not yet dared to address to him a word, either of sympathy or consolation. His masculine wife, virago as she was and absolute mistress of the family, as she justly boasted herself, on all ordinary occasions, was, by this great loss, terrified into silence and submission, and compelled to hide from her husband's observation the bursts of her female sorrow. As he had rejected food ever since the disaster had happened, not daring herself

to approach him, she had that morning, with affectionate artifice, employed the youngest and favorite child to present her husband with some nourishment. His first action was to put it from him with an angry violence that frightened the child; his next, to snatch up the boy, and devour him with kisses. "Ye 'll be a bra' fallow, an ye be spared, Patie, — but ye 'll never — never can be — what he was to me! — He has sailed the coble wi' me since he was ten years auld, and there wasna the like o' him drew a net betwixt this and Buchanness. — They say folks maun submit — I will try."

And he had been silent from that moment until compelled to answer the necessary questions we have already noticed. Such was the disconsolate state of the father.

In another corner of the cottage, her face covered by her apron which was flung over it, sat the mother, — the nature of her grief sufficiently indicated by the wringing of her hands and the convulsive agitation of the bosom which the covering could not conceal. Two of her gossips, officiously whispering into her ear the commonplace topic of resignation under irremediable misfortune, seemed as if they were endeavoring to stun the grief which they could not console.

The sorrow of the children was mingled with wonder at the preparations they beheld around them, and at the unusual display of wheaten bread and wine, which the poorest peasant, or fisher, offers to the guests on these mournful occasions; and thus their grief for their brother's death was almost already lost in admiration of the splendor of his funeral.

But the figure of the old grandmother was the most remarkable of the sorrowing group. Seated on her

accustomed chair, with her usual air of apathy and want of interest in what surrounded her, she seemed every now and then mechanically to resume the motion of twirling her spindle; then to look towards her bosom for the distaff, although both had been laid aside. She would then cast her eyes about as if surprised at missing the usual implements of her industry, and appear struck by the black color of the gown in which they had dressed her, and embarrassed by the number of persons by whom she was surrounded. Then, finally, she would raise her head with a ghastly look, and fix her eyes upon the bed which contained the coffin of her grandson, as if she had at once, and for the first time, acquired sense to comprehend her inexpressible calamity. These alternate feelings of embarrassment, wonder, and grief, seemed to succeed each other more than once upon her torpid features. But she spoke not a word, — neither had she shed a tear, — nor did one of the family understand, either from look or expression, to what extent she comprehended the uncommon bustle around her. Thus she sat among the funeral assembly like a connecting-link between the surviving mourners and the dead corpse which they bewailed, — a being in whom the light of existence was already obscured by the encroaching shadows of death. . . .

To return from a digression which can only serve to introduce the honest clergyman more particularly to our readers, Mr. Blattergowl had no sooner entered the hut, and received the mute and melancholy salutations of the company whom it contained than he edged himself towards the unfortunate father, and seemed to endeavor to slide in a few words of condolence or of consolation.

But the old man was incapable as yet of receiving either; he nodded, however, gruffly, and shook the clergyman's hand in acknowledgment of his good intentions, but was either unable or unwilling to make any verbal reply.

The minister next passed to the mother, moving along the floor as slowly, silently, and gradually, as if he had been afraid that the ground would, like unsafe ice, break beneath his feet, or that the first echo of a footstep was to dissolve some magic spell, and plunge the hut, with all its inmates, into a subterranean abyss. The tenor of what he had said to the poor woman could only be judged by her answers, as, half-stifled by sobs ill-repressed, and by the covering which she still kept over her countenance, she faintly answered at each pause in his speech — "Yes, sir, yes! — Ye 're very gude — ye 're very gude! — Nae doubt, nae doubt! — It's our duty to submit! — But, O dear! my poor Steenie! the pride o' my very heart, that was sae handsome and comely, and a help to his family, and a comfort to us a', and a pleasure to a' that lookit on him! — Oh, my bairn! my bairn! my bairn! what for is thou lying there! — and eh! what for am I left to greet for ye!"

There was no contending with this burst of sorrow and natural affection. Oldbuck had repeated recourse to his snuff-box to conceal the tears which, despite his shrewd and caustic temper, were apt to start on such occasions. The female assistants whimpered, the men held their bonnets to their faces, and spoke apart with each other. The clergyman, meantime, addressed his ghostly consolation to the aged grandmother. At first she listened, or seemed to listen, to what he said, with the

apathy of her usual unconsciousness. But as, in pressing this theme, he approached so near to her ear, that the sense of his words became distinctly intelligible to her, though unheard by those who stood more distant, her countenance at once assumed that stern and expressive cast which characterized her intervals of intelligence. She drew up her head and body, shook her head in a manner that showed at least impatience, if not scorn of his counsel, and waved her hand slightly, but with a gesture so expressive, as to indicate to all who witnessed it a marked and disdainful rejection of the ghostly consolation proffered to her. The minister stepped back as if repulsed, and, by lifting gently and dropping his hand, seemed to show at once wonder, sorrow, and compassion for her dreadful state of mind. The rest of the company sympathized, and a stifled whisper went through them, indicating how much her desperate and determined manner impressed them with awe and even horror. . . .

The coffin, covered with a pall, and supported upon handspikes by the nearest relatives, now only waited the father to support the head, as is customary. Two or three of these privileged persons spoke to him, but he only answered by shaking his hands and his head in token of refusal. With better intention than judgment, the friends, who considered this as an act of duty on the part of the living, and of decency towards the deceased, would have proceeded to enforce their request, had not Oldbuck interfered between the distressed father and his well-meaning tormentors, and informed them, that he himself, as landlord and master to the deceased, " would carry his head to the grave." In spite of the sorrowful occasion, the hearts of the relatives swelled within them

at so marked a distinction on the part of the laird; and old Alison Breck, who was present among other fish-women, swore almost aloud, "His honor Monkbarns should never want sax warp of oysters in the season (of which fish he was understood to be fond), if she should gang to sea and dredge for them hersell in the foulest wind that ever blew." And such is the temper of the Scottish common people, that, by this instance of compliance with their customs, and respect for their persons, Mr. Oldbuck gained more popularity than by all the sums which he had yearly distributed in the parish for purposes of private or general charity.

The sad procession now moved slowly forward, preceded by the beadles, or saulies, with their batons, — miserable-looking old men, tottering as if on the edge of that grave to which they were marshalling another, and clad, according to Scottish guise, with threadbare black coats, and hunting-caps, decorated with rusty crape. Monkbarns would probably have remonstrated against this superfluous expense, had he been consulted; but, in doing so, he would have given more offence than he gained popularity by condescending to perform the office of chief mourner. Of this he was quite aware, and wisely withheld rebuke, where rebuke and advice would have been equally unavailing. In truth, the Scottish peasantry are still infected with that rage for funeral ceremonial, which once distinguished the grandees of the kingdom so much, that a sumptuary law was made by the Parliament of Scotland for the purpose of restraining it; and I have known many in the lowest stations, who have denied themselves not merely the comforts, but almost the necessaries of life, in order

to save such a sum of money as might enable their surviving friends to bury them like Christians, as they termed it; nor could their faithful executors be prevailed upon, though equally necessitous, to turn to the use and maintenance of the living, the money vainly wasted upon the interment of the dead.

The procession to the churchyard, at about half-a-mile's distance, was made with the mournful solemnity usual on these occasions, — the body was consigned to its parent earth, — and when the labor of the grave-diggers had filled up the trench, and covered it with fresh sod, Mr. Oldbuck, taking his hat off, saluted the assistants, who had stood by in melancholy silence, and with that adieu dispersed the mourners. . . .

The coffin had been borne from the place where it rested. The mourners, in regular gradation, according to their rank or their relationship to the deceased, had filed from the cottage, while the younger male children were led along to totter after the bier of their brother, and to view with wonder a ceremonial which they could hardly comprehend. The female gossips next rose to depart, and, with consideration for the situation of the parents, carried along with them the girls of the family, to give the unhappy pair time and opportunity to open their hearts to each other, and soften their grief by communicating it. But their kind intention was without effect. The last of them had darkened the entrance of the cottage, as she went out, and drawn the door softly behind her, when the father, first ascertaining by a hasty glance that no stranger remained, started up, clasped his hands wildly above his head, uttered a cry of the despair which he had hitherto repressed, and, in all

the impotent impatience of grief, half rushed half staggered forward to the bed on which the coffin had been deposited, threw himself down upon it, and smothering, as it were, his head among the bed-clothes, gave vent to the full passion of his sorrow. It was in vain that the wretched mother, terrified by the vehemence of her husband's affliction — affliction still more fearful as agitating a man of hardened manners and a robust frame — suppressed her own sobs and tears, and, pulling him by the skirts of his coat, implored him to rise and remember, that, though one was removed, he had still a wife and children to comfort and support. The appeal came at too early a period of his anguish, and was totally unattended to; he continued to remain prostrate, indicating, by sobs so bitter and violent that they shook the bed and partition against which it rested, by clenched hands which grasped the bed-clothes, and by the vehement and convulsive motion of his legs, how deep and how terrible was the agony of a father's sorrow.

"O, what a day is this! what a day is this!" said the poor mother, her womanish affliction already exhausted by sobs and tears, and now almost lost in terror for the state in which she beheld her husband — "O, what an hour is this! and naebody to help a poor lone woman — O, gudemither, could ye but speak a word to him! — wad ye but bid him be comforted!"

To her astonishment, and even to the increase of her fear, her husband's mother heard and answered the appeal. She rose and walked across the floor without support, and without much apparent feebleness, and standing by the bed on which her son had extended himself,

she said, "Rise up, my son, and sorrow not for him that is beyond sin and sorrow and temptation. Sorrow is for those that remain in this vale of sorrow and darkness — I, wha dinna sorrow, and wha canna sorrow for ony ane, hae maist need that ye should a' sorrow for me."

The voice of his mother, not heard for years as taking part in the active duties of life, or offering advice or consolation, produced its effect upon her son. He assumed a sitting posture on the side of the bed, and his appearance, attitude, and gestures, changed from those of angry despair to deep grief and dejection. The grandmother retired to her nook, the mother mechanically took in her hand her tattered Bible, and seemed to read, though her eyes were drowned with tears. — *From "The Antiquary."*

THE TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF FERGUS MAC-IVOR.

Edward, attended by his former servant Alick Polwarth who had re-entered his service at Edinburgh, reached Carlisle while the commission of Oyer and Terminer on his unfortunate associates was yet sitting. He had pushed forward in haste, — not, alas! with the most distant hope of saving Fergus, but to see him for the last time. I ought to have mentioned, that he had furnished funds for the defence of the prisoners in the most liberal manner, as soon as he heard that the day of trial was fixed. A solicitor, and the first counsel, accordingly attended; but it was upon the same footing on which the first physicians are usually summoned to the bedside of some dying man of rank; — the doctors to take the advantage of some incalculable chance of an exertion of



nature — the lawyers to avail themselves of the barely possible occurrence of some legal flaw. Edward pressed into the court, which was extremely crowded; but by his arriving from the north, and his extreme eagerness and agitation, it was supposed he was a relation of the prisoners, and people made way for him. It was the third sitting of the court, and there were two men at the bar. The verdict of GUILTY was already pronounced. Edward just glanced at the bar during the momentous pause which ensued. There was no mistaking the stately form and noble features of Fergus Mac-Ivor, although his dress was squalid, and his countenance tinged with the sickly yellow hue of long and close imprisonment. By his side was Evan Maccombich. Edward felt sick and dizzy as he gazed on them; but he was recalled to himself as the Clerk of Arraigns pronounced the solemn words: "Fergus Mac-Ivor of Glennaquoich, otherwise called Vich Ian Vohr, and Evan Mac-Ivor, in the Dhu of Tarrascleugh, otherwise called Evan Dhu, otherwise called Evan Maccombich, or Evan Dhu Maccombich — you, and each of you, stand attainted of high treason. What have you to say for yourselves why the Court should not pronounce judgment against you, that you die according to law?"

Fergus, as the presiding Judge was putting on the fatal cap of judgment, placed his own bonnet upon his head, regarded him with a steadfast and stern look, and replied in a firm voice, "I cannot let this numerous audience suppose that to such an appeal I have no answer to make. But what I have to say, you would not bear to hear, for my defence would be your condemnation. Proceed, then, in the name of God, to do what is per-

mitted to you. Yesterday, and the day before, you have condemned loyal and honorable blood to be poured forth like water. Spare not mine. Were that of all my ancestors in my veins, I would have perilled it in this quarrel." He resumed his seat, and refused again to rise.

Evan Maccombich looked at him with great earnestness, and, rising up, seemed anxious to speak; but the confusion of the court, and the perplexity arising from thinking in a language different from that in which he was to express himself, kept him silent. There was a murmur of compassion among the spectators, from the idea that the poor fellow intended to plead the influence of his superior as an excuse for his crime. The Judge commanded silence, and encouraged Evan to proceed.

"I was only ganging to say, my Lord," said Evan, in what he meant to be an insinuating manner, "that if your excellent honor, and the honorable Court, would let Vich Ian Vohr go free just this once, and let him gae back to France, and no to trouble King George's government again, that ony six o' the very best of his clan will be willing to be justified in his stead; and if you 'll just let me gae down to Glennaquoich, I 'll fetch them up to ye myself, to head or hang, and you may begin wi' me the very first man."

Notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, a sort of laugh was heard in the court at the extraordinary nature of the proposal. The Judge checked this indecency, and Evan, looking sternly around, when the murmur abated, "If the Saxon gentlemen are laughing," he said, "because a poor man, such as me, thinks my life, or the life of six of my degree, is worth that of Vich

Ian Vohr, it 's like enough they may be very right; but if they laugh because they think I would not keep my word, and come back to redeem him, I can tell them they ken neither the heart of a Hielandman, nor the honor of a gentleman."

There was no further inclination to laugh among the audience, and a dead silence ensued.

The Judge then pronounced upon both prisoners the sentence of the law of high treason, with all its horrible accompaniments. The execution was appointed for the ensuing day. "For you, Fergus Mac-Ivor," continued the Judge, "I can hold out no hope of mercy. You must prepare against to-morrow for your last sufferings here, and your great audit hereafter."

"I desire nothing else, my lord," answered Fergus, in the same manly and firm tone.

The hard eyes of Evan, which had been perpetually bent on his Chief, were moistened with a tear. "For you, poor ignorant man," continued the Judge, "who, following the ideas in which you have been educated, have this day given us a striking example how the loyalty due to the king and state alone, is, from your unhappy ideas of clanship, transferred to some ambitious individual, who ends by making you the tool of his crimes — for you, I say, I feel so much compassion, that if you can make up your mind to petition for grace, I will endeavor to procure it for you. Otherwise" ——

"Grace me no grace," said Evan; "since you are to shed Vich Ian Vohr's blood, the only favor I would accept from you, is — to bid them loose my hands and gie me my claymore, and bide you just a minute sitting where you are!"

"Remove the prisoners," said the Judge; "his blood be upon his own head." . . .

The place of Fergus' confinement was a gloomy and vaulted apartment in the central part of the Castle — a huge old tower, supposed to be of great antiquity, and surrounded by outworks, seemingly of Henry VIII's time, or somewhat later. The grating of the large old-fashioned bars and bolts, withdrawn for the purpose of admitting Edward, was answered by the clash of chains, as the unfortunate Chieftain, strongly and heavily fettered, shuffled along the stone floor of his prison to fling himself into his friend's arms. . . .

Soon after, a file of soldiers entered with a blacksmith, who struck the fetters from the legs of the prisoners.

"You see the compliment they pay to our Highland strength and courage — we have lain chained here like wild beasts, till our legs are cramped into palsy, and when they free us, they send six soldiers with loaded muskets to prevent our taking the castle by storm!"

Edward afterwards learned that these severe precautions had been taken in consequence of a desperate attempt of the prisoners to escape, in which they had very nearly succeeded.

Shortly afterwards the drums of the garrison beat to arms. "This is the last turn out," said Fergus, "that I shall hear and obey." . . .

"We part not *here!*" said Waverley. .

"O yes, we do; you must come no farther. Not that I fear what is to follow for myself," he said proudly: "Nature has her tortures as well as art; and how happy should we think the man who escapes from the throes



of a mortal and painful disorder, in the space of a short half hour? And this matter, spin it out as they will, cannot last longer. But what a dying man can suffer firmly, may kill a living friend to look upon. This same law of high treason," he continued, with astonishing firmness and composure, "is one of the blessings, Edward, with which your free country has accommodated poor old Scotland: her own jurisprudence, as I have heard, was much milder. But I suppose one day or other — when there are no longer any wild Highlanders to benefit by its tender mercies — they will blot it from their records, as levelling them with a nation of cannibals. The mummery, too, of exposing the senseless head — they have not the wit to grace mine with a paper coronet; there would be some satire in that, Edward. I hope they will set it on the Scotch gate though, that I may look, even after death, to the blue hills of my own country, which I love so dearly." . . .

An officer now appeared, and intimated that the High Sheriff and his attendants waited before the gate of the Castle, to claim the bodies of Fergus Mac-Ivor and Evan Maccombich. "I come," said Fergus. Accordingly, supporting Edward by the arm, and followed by Evan Dhu and the priest, he moved down the stairs of the tower, the soldiers bringing up the rear. The court was occupied by a squadron of dragoons and a battalion of infantry, drawn up in hollow square. Within their ranks was the sledge, or hurdle, on which the prisoners were to be drawn to the place of execution, about a mile distant from Carlisle. It was painted black, and drawn by a white horse. At one end of the vehicle sat the Executioner, a horrid-looking fellow, as beseemed his

trade, with the broad axe in his hand; at the other end, next the horse, was an empty seat for two persons. Through the deep and dark Gothic archway, that opened on the drawbridge, were seen on horseback the High Sheriff and his attendants, whom the etiquette betwixt the civil and military powers did not permit to come farther. "This is well GOT UP for a closing scene," said Fergus, smiling disdainfully as he gazed around upon the apparatus of terror. Evan Dhu exclaimed with some eagerness, after looking at the dragoons, "These are the very chields that galloped off at Gladsmuir, before we could kill a dozen o' them. They look bold enough now, however." The priest entreated him to be silent.

The sledge now approached, and Fergus, turning round, embraced Waverley, kissed him on each side of the face, and stepped nimbly into his place. Evan sat down by his side. The priest was to follow in a carriage belonging to his patron, the Catholic gentleman at whose house Flora resided. As Fergus waved his hand to Edward, the ranks closed around the sledge, and the whole procession began to move forward. There was a momentary stop at the gate-way, while the governor of the Castle and the High Sheriff went through a short ceremony, the military officer there delivering over the persons of the criminals to the civil power. "God save King George!" said the High Sheriff. When the formality concluded, Fergus stood erect in the sledge, and, with a firm and steady voice, replied, "God save King *James!*" These were the last words which Waverley heard him speak.

The procession resumed its march, and the sledge

vanished from beneath the portal, under which it had stopped for an instant. The dead-march was then heard, and its melancholy sounds were mingled with those of a muffled peal, tolled from the neighboring cathedral. The sound of the military music died away as the procession moved on — the sullen clang of the bells was soon heard to sound alone. — *From "Waverley."*

SCOTT'S REFLECTIONS ON HIS OWN LIFE.

Abbotsford, 1821.

In truth, I have long given up poetry. I have had my day with the public; and being no great believer in poetical immortality, I was very well pleased to rise a winner, without continuing the game, till I was beggared of any credit I had acquired. Besides, I felt the prudence of giving way before the more forcible and powerful genius of Byron. If I were either greedy, or jealous of poetical fame — and both are strangers to my nature — I might comfort myself with the thought, that I would hesitate to strip myself to the contest so fearlessly as Byron does; or to command the wonder and terror of the public, by exhibiting, in my own person, the sublime attitude of the dying gladiator. But with the old frankness of twenty years since, I will fairly own, that this same delicacy of mine may arise more from conscious want of vigor and inferiority, than from a delicate dislike to the nature of the conflict. At any rate, there is a time for everything, and without swearing oaths to it, I think my time for poetry has gone by. . . .

When I look around me, and consider how many changes you will see in feature, form, and fashion,

amongst all you knew and loved; and how much, no sudden squall, or violent tempest, but the slow and gradual progress of life's long voyage, has severed all the gallant fellowships whom you left spreading their sails to the morning breeze, I really am not sure that you would have much pleasure.

The gay and wild romance of life is over with all of us. The real, dull, and stern history of humanity has made a far greater progress over our heads; and age, dark and unlovely, has laid his crutch over the stoutest fellow's shoulders. One thing your old society may boast, that they have all run their course with honor, and almost all with distinction; and the brother suppers of Frederick Street have certainly made a very considerable figure in the world, as was to be expected, from her talents under whose auspices they were assembled.

One of the most pleasant sights which you would see in Scotland, as it now stands, would be your brother George in possession of the most beautiful and romantic place in Clydesdale — Corehouse. I have promised often to go out with him, and assist him with my deep experience as a planter and landscape gardener. I promise you my oaks will outlast my laurels; and I pique myself more upon my compositions for manure than on any other compositions whatsoever to which I was ever accessory. But so much does business of one sort or other engage us both, that we never have been able to fix a time which suited us both; and with the utmost wish to make out the party, perhaps we never may.

This is a melancholy letter, but it is chiefly so from the sad tone of yours — who have had such real disas-

ters to lament — while mine is only the humorous sadness, which a retrospect on human life is sure to produce in the most prosperous. For my own course of life, I have only to be ashamed of its prosperity, and afraid of its termination; for I have little reason, arguing on the doctrine of chances, to hope that the same good fortune will attend me for ever. I have had an affectionate and promising family, many friends, few unfriends, and I think, no enemies — and more of fame and fortune than mere literature ever procured for a man before.

I dwell among my own people, and have many whose happiness is dependent on me, and which I study to the best of my power. I trust my temper, which you know is by nature good and easy, has not been spoiled by flattery or prosperity; and therefore I have escaped entirely that irritability of disposition which I think is planted, like the slave, in the poet's chariot, to prevent his enjoying his triumph.

Should things, therefore, change with me — and in these times, or indeed in any times, such change is to be apprehended — I trust I shall be able to surrender these adventitious advantages, as I would my upper dress, as something extremely comfortable, but which I can make shift to do without.

Edinburgh, 1825.

For myself, if things go badly in London, the magic wand of the Unknown will be shivered in his grasp. He must then, faith, be termed the Too-well-known. The feast of fancy will be over with the feeling of independence. He shall no longer have the delight of waking in the morning with bright ideas in his mind, hasten to commit them to paper, and count them monthly, as

the means of planting such scaurs, and purchasing such wastes; replacing dreams of fiction by other prospective visions of walks by

> "Fountain heads, and pathless groves;
> Places which pale passion loves."

This cannot be; but I may work substantial husbandry, *i. e.*, write history, and such concerns. They will not be received with the same enthusiasm; at least I much doubt, the general knowledge that an author must write for his bread, at least for improving his pittance, degrades him and his productions in the public eye. He falls into the second-rate rank of estimation: —

> "While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his side goad,
> The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road."

It is a bitter thought; but if tears start at it, let them flow. My heart clings to the place I have created. There is scarce a tree on it that does not owe its being to me.

What a life mine has been! — half educated, almost wholly neglected, or left to myself; stuffing my head with most nonsensical trash, and undervalued by most of my companions for a time; getting forward, and held a bold and clever fellow, contrary to the opinion of all who thought me a mere dreamer; broken-hearted for two years; my heart handsomely pieced again; but the crack will remain till my dying day. Rich and poor four or five times; once on the verge of ruin, yet opened a new source of wealth almost overflowing. Now to be broken in my pitch of pride, and nearly winged (unless

good news should come), because London chooses to be in an uproar, and in the tumult of bulls and bears, a poor inoffensive lion like myself is pushed to the wall. But what is to be the end of it? God knows; and so ends the catechism.

Nobody in the end can lose a penny by me — that is one comfort. Men will think pride has had a fall. Let them indulge their own pride in thinking that my fall will make them higher, or seem so at least. I have the satisfaction to recollect that my prosperity has been of advantage to many, and to hope that some at least will forgive my transient wealth on account of the innocence of my intentions, and my real wish to do good to the poor. Sad hearts, too, at Darnick, and in the cottages of Abbotsford. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest? How live a poor indebted man, where I was once the wealthy — the honored? I was to have gone there on Saturday in joy and prosperity to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish — but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things, I must get them kind masters! There may be yet those who, loving me, may love my dog, because it has been mine. I must end these gloomy forebodings, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress. I feel my dogs' feet on my knees. I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere. This is nonsense, but it is what they would do could they know how things may be. An odd thought strikes me — When I die, will the journal of these days be taken out of the ebony

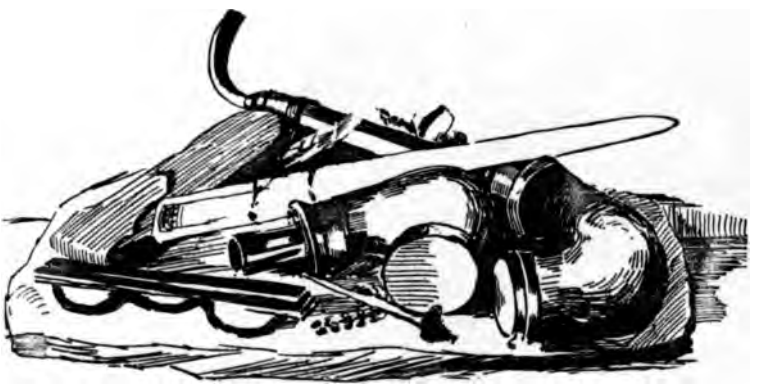
cabinet at Abbotsford, and read with wonder, that the well-seeming Baronet should ever have experienced the risk of such a hitch? Or will it be found in some obscure lodging-house, where the decayed son of Chivalry had hung up his scutcheon, and where one or two old friends will look grave, and whisper to each other, "Poor gentleman" — "a well-meaning man" — "nobody's enemy but his own" — "thought his parts would never wear out" — "family poorly left" — "pity he took that foolish title." Who can answer this question?

Poor Will Laidlaw — Poor Tom Purdie — such news will wring your hearts, and many a poor fellow besides to whom my prosperity was daily bread. — *From Lockhart's "Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott."*

Additional Readings.

In addition to the foregoing readings, the following selections from the Waverley novels are specially recommended: —

1. *March of the highland army.* ("Waverley," chap. iii.)
2. *Midnight scene.* ("Guy Mannering," chap. iii.)
3. *Servant to the covenanters.* ("Old Mortality," chap. xviii.)
4. *Helen MacGregor and the outlaws.* ("Rob Roy," chap. xxxi.)
5. *Prison scene.* ("The Heart of Midlothian," chap. xx.)
6. *Trial of Rebecca.* ("Ivanhoe," chap. xxxvii.)
7. *Death of George Douglas.* ("The Abbot," chap. xxxvii.)
8. *King Richard at the tent of Saladin.* ("The Talisman," chap. xxviii.)
9. *Wandering Willie's tale.* ("Redgauntlet," letter xi.)
10. *Funeral of Lord Ravenswood.* ("The Bride of Lammermoor," chap. ii.)



Scott's Collection of Pipes.



LORD BYRON.



My dear Murray
yrs very truly
Byron

SOMETIMES Byron

LORD BYRON.

BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY.

By JOHN EBENEZER BRYANT.

BYRON is one of the world's great poets; but, like the image of Nebuchadnezzar's dream, the material of his greatness is not all fine gold. Besides the gold there is much baser metal, as "brass and iron," and there is even "miry clay." But, nevertheless, a chief part of Byron's greatness is gold — "fine gold" — like the head of Nebuchadnezzar's image; and this gold, unlike the gold of the image, will not "crumble to pieces" and "become as the chaff of a threshing floor," but will endure as long as anything poetical endures.

George Gordon Byron, afterwards Lord Byron, was born in London, January 22, 1788. His ancestry on his father's side was of the bluest aristocratical English blood, that had descended in an unbroken stream through the veins of knights and barons from the time of William the Conqueror, downward, until it flushed his own. On his mother's side his ancestry was Scotch, and almost equally distinguished, for his mother was a Miss Catherine Gordon, of Gight, in Aberdeenshire, who traced her descent from King James the First of England and Sixth of Scot-

land. But distinguished though his ancestors were, he inherited from them something more than name and station. His father, Captain John Byron, who died when his son was but three years old, was a spendthrift and a heartless rake — "Mad Jack Byron" he was called. His grandfather was an admiral, but one whose adventures were wild, stirring, and unfortunate. "Foul-Weather Jack" was his appropriate sobriquet. His granduncle, from



NEWSTEAD ABBEY, THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF LORD BYRON.

whom he inherited his title and estate, was a notorious hard liver, known as the "wicked lord." His mother, too, was a woman of such ill-balanced character that in her training of her son her conduct could scarcely have been worse. "Byron, your mother is a fool," a schoolfellow once candidly told him. "I know it," was his only and sad reply. With such antecedents as these to influence his heredity, it can scarcely be doubted that much of what is eccentric and abnormal in Byron's character and conduct can well be accounted for. His

mother's property having all been squandered by his worthless father, Byron's younger years were full of poverty. For a while he was at a school at Aberdeen. At ten years of age he succeeded to his title and estate, but his condition at the time was but little improved thereby, for the estate was heavily encumbered. In his fourteenth year he was sent to the famous school at Harrow. His years at Harrow constituted an important epoch in his life, for it was there that he formed the most of those friendships, all of them honorable and honoring, for which his career is so remarkable. Whatever may have been the weakness of Byron's character in regard to the affections which he experienced for women, his affections for men, when once he placed them, were noble and enduring. For some time at Harrow he was very unhappy; but after a while he became a leader in the school, and then his life was perhaps the happiest he ever lived.

In 1805, at the age of seventeen, Byron went to Cambridge. Here his old friendships were continued, and some new ones, equally commendable, were formed. But neither at Harrow nor at Cambridge was Byron a student in the ordinary sense of the word. At Harrow he read largely of history and biography, but at Cambridge he spent but little time in serious pursuits of any sort. His life there was, indeed, very irregular. But he practised all sorts of athletic games, rode, boxed, and swam like a young Spartan, and became so expert with the pistol that he was looked upon as a man that could take care of himself in any sort of evil circumstances. In 1808 he left Cambridge, and then spent some time at Newstead Abbey, his ancestral home. But the place

was badly out of repair, and he had no money to spend towards improving it. In 1809 he became of age and took his seat in the House of Lords. But want of money, reckless living, imprudent adventures and attachments, disappointments in love affairs, and numberless other things had made him tired of life — tired of England especially; and he determined to go abroad. For two years he rambled about in Portugal, Spain, Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, Greece, Turkey, and Asia Minor. In 1811 he returned to England again. But in the meantime several friends whom he loved dearly had died, and his pecuniary condition had but little improved, so that he found himself even more miserable than he was before he went away.

Byron's talent for writing poetry was a natural gift, an endowment of genius, and it gained little or nothing from culture. It was a disposition of the mind which, once indulged in, became a habit. During all his life, after once the habit was formed, though he must have been more occupied than most men, — for even Byron's idle pursuits were preoccupying ones, — scarcely a month passed that he did not write something that has since proved to be a permanent addition to our literature. He began to publish in his eighteenth year, his first production being a small collection of poems, which, because an elderly friend thought one of them somewhat indelicate, he afterward destroyed. In his nineteenth year he published his "Hours of Idleness." This work, though juvenile and weak enough, did not deserve the ferocious attack which some time after was made upon it by a critic in the *Edinburgh Review*, supposed to be Lord Brougham. Byron took a twelvemonth to prepare his reply, but when



NEWSTEAD ABBEY, FROM THE FRONT.



it appeared ("English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" — 1809) it showed to the *Review*, and to all the world beside, that a new literary star had risen in the firmament, the fierce brightness of whose flame was likely to pale all lesser stars. But though Byron had found in this production what was perhaps his true field of literary effort — satire — he was as yet too inexperienced in the world to produce either satire or any other form of poetry on original lines. While he was upon his tour abroad, however, he had embodied many of his observations and reflections in a series of poems. But of these he had thought so little that when he returned to London he did not even take the trouble to hunt up a publisher for them. A friend, however, accidentally discovered them, and, recognizing their worth, persuaded their publication. In February, 1812, they appeared — "Childe Harold, Cantos I and II." Their impression upon the public was instantaneous and marvellous. As Byron himself so appositely expressed it: "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." In five weeks seven editions of the book were exhausted. And not only did he win this popular success, but in the next two or three years he produced a series of poems — "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," the "Hebrew Melodies" — of which each was, if possible, more popular than its predecessor. Byron for the time being was the most popular author the English people had ever known. Even Scott's star, bright and splendid as it was (for "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake" were still on every one's lips), was bedimmed beneath the fiercer splendor of this newer luminary. Had Byron died in 1815 his name would have been written in the book of

fame as that of the most popular poet that ever lived. And yet none of these poems that Byron had so far written, not even the first cantos of "Childe Harold," popular as they were, and popular as they still are, were of that force and fervency which all enduring great poems must possess. A poet must feel and think deeply, must suffer, in fact, before he can write great poetry. Byron had not suffered yet, he had only imagined he had.

Byron's relations with the other sex were the great determining facts of his life. And as his poetry was the outcome of his life (perhaps more so than that of any other great poet that ever lived) — the expression of what he saw and felt and reflected upon in it — therefore these relations became the great determining factors in the production of his poetry. And as these relations were rarely regulated according to conventional opinion, according to conventional modes of thinking and acting, it follows that it is impossible to sympathize with Byron, even to understand him, much less to appreciate him, unless one is prepared to put out of sight and forget (for the moment, at any rate) almost every settled opinion and rule of conduct which, in respect of sexual relationship, society has established for its safe-guarding. But it must be remembered that Byron was not wholly to blame. Both fate and circumstances worked against him. We have seen what must have been the inheritance of disposition that he received from his ancestors on his father's side. We have seen, too, how little his mother's judgment and conduct were fitted to influence him for good. Almost the only principles of morality he ever learned, except what he picked up in the rough and tumble of an old-time English public school, and



LORD BYRON'S BEDROOM, NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

except what he learned from books, he owed to the precepts of a faithful Scotch nurse, who also taught him his Bible (in the knowledge of which, indeed, owing to her instructions, he was very proficient). He had a passion for loving; but the only woman he ever really loved — that is, with an enduring love, at once ardent and pure — was his half-sister Augusta, and her he was destined rarely ever to see until he had returned from his travels abroad, with a man's full years and with more than a man's full experience. His earlier loves seem always to have been crossed. When yet a young boy he was in love with his cousin, Mary Duff, who afterward married another. When scarcely more than a boy he was in love with another cousin, Margaret Parker, who afterward died. When he was sixteen years of age he loved and would have married Mary Chaworth, a distant relative and the heiress of estates that adjoined his own; but she treated him coldly and disdained his advances, though ever afterward, even to the last year of his life, he treasured his idealization of her memory and made her the subject of some of his finest verse. All these passions were conventional enough; but there were others that were not so conventional. Some of his tenderest poems, some of the sweetest and most pathetic expressions of regret and sorrow he ever wrote, were addressed to the memory of "Thyrza"; but who "Thyrza" was is not known, nor would Byron ever declare. An explanation given by some of his biographers is that "Thyrza" was a young girl, of lower social degree than himself, who made sacrifices of everything for his sake, even so far as to accompany him through England on horseback as his brother. But

other biographers do not identify "Thyrza" with this poor girl.

When Byron came back to England from his European tour his experience of the world on all matters of the heart was, at all events, sufficient to entitle him to settle down in quietness and decorum. This, however, he was not permitted to do. The social popularity which the successful publication of "Childe Harold" suddenly thrust upon him would have turned heads much more stably fixed than his. Girls and women of every rank in life literally threw themselves at him. He was handsome — scarcely any one more so, both in face and figure — though slightly deformed in one foot, a defect from physical perfection which greatly chafed him. His friends who used to bathe with him used to say that his torso and limbs were as superbly turned as any Apollo's. He was of noble descent and title. His estate, though encumbered, was one of the finest and stateliest in the kingdom. He was a poet, and a great and popular one. He had travelled and seen the world, and was a charming and vivacious companion. Moreover, as the "tang" in the wine gives to it its appetizing flavor, so he had just enough of a reputation for recklessness and wickedness to give to his career, his person, his manners, and his character, an interest so keen and enjoyable that even the properest sort of people felt no scruple in avowing it. In short, he was the lion of the town. His society and his friendship were sought for by every one. Not a family in the kingdom, however old or noble, but would have deemed an alliance with him an honor. And all the time he was the object of secret advances from dames and damsels of the highest social position and the



THE DRAWING ROOM, NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

highest social character. Let all this be remembered when Byron's own undoubted faults are up for judgment. He did not marry, however, and after a while, his social relationships becoming in some quarters rather particular and intimate, he ceased to be the object of general adoration which he at first had been. But in the autumn of 1814 he proposed to a Miss Milbanke. She refused at first, but suggested a correspondence. The correspondence thus begun went on with much interest and affection, and after a little while Byron proposed a second time, but, it must be confessed, neither with earnestness nor enthusiasm. The second proposal was accepted, however. They were married in January, 1815. A child (his daughter Ada) was born to them in December. On January 15, 1816, Lady Byron left her husband's house to visit her parents, writing to her husband on the journey a loving and tenderly playful letter. In a very short time, however (a few days), she sent him word that she would never return. Nor did she ever return. Her parents demanded a legal separation; and this, after he had vainly endeavored to secure a reconciliation (scarcely believing the action to be in earnest at first), Byron consented to. The world of London turned at once, as if in rage, against its former favorite, and he who a year or two before had been the idol of society, became now the object of its bitterest contumely and reproach.

This estrangement of Lord Byron and his wife, this separation so suddenly brought about, so persistently persevered in by Lady Byron's friends (for it is admitted that Byron himself courted reconciliation several times), is the domestic incident that has excited the most

interest in the whole range of literary history. And it has never been satisfactorily explained. Byron used to say that there was nothing of importance to explain. Lady Byron's friends never offered the public any real explanation, but gave out many grave and serious hints. General incompatibility is the most frequently alleged



LADY BYRON.

cause; but that, in face of Lady Byron's tender message on first leaving him and then her sudden taking on of a wholly different attitude, cannot be regarded as sufficient. Lady Byron was a woman of upright character and strict views as to behavior, and she might have regarded her alliance with a man like Byron as an offence against her principles; but even if this were granted, her deportment to her husband on leaving him is unexplainable;

and her subsequent deportment to him when he courted reconciliation is thought by many to have been too implacable. But, on the other hand, she is believed to have been a just woman, one who would not have acted as she did without, at least, thinking she had sufficient cause for her action. The affair, however, would no doubt have long since been relegated to the realm of oblivion had not in our own time and in our own country one of our own countrywomen taken part in it. About thirty years ago Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe published in the *Atlantic Monthly* a statement said to have been obtained directly from Lady Byron herself, which accused Byron of having a scandalous relationship with one whom he was believed always to have tenderly and honorably loved. The allegations in this statement may have been made by Lady Byron, and when she made them they may have been believed by her to be true; but no one in England believes that at the time of the estrangement she believed them, or that she even made them then. The explanation is, that afterward, when in failing health and failing mind, she may have made them, and may then have believed them to be true.

But to Byron the estrangement, whatever may have been the reasonableness or unreasonableness of it, was of most evil consequence. He left England soon after (April, 1816), and never returned to it again. He resided for some time in Switzerland, and there unfortunately made acquaintances that proved to be more than passing intimacies. His daughter, Allegra, whom he most tenderly loved, and whom he most tenderly cared for as long as she lived, was born in 1817. In the meantime he had come to Italy and taken up his residence at Venice; and

there Lord Byron's course took its lowest dip. His life at Venice will hardly be excused even by his warmest defenders; and for two years or more nothing but his devotion to poetry was its redeeming feature. In 1819, however, he fell under the influence of a passion which, though irregular, judged by Anglo-Saxon canons of morality, was not considered so irregular in the country where it had its being. The Countess of Guiccioli, a young and beautiful girl, who, for the sake of the connection it established for her family, had been married to an old man of sixty, of ancient title and large estates, met Byron and fell deeply and hopelessly in love with him. Though somewhat sated with loving by this time, Byron reciprocated the young countess's attachment, and after a number of necessary preliminaries (Count Guiccioli consenting, and the parents and family of the countess, also), Byron and the countess were domesticated together. The universal testimony of all who visited Byron during the few short years that remained to him after this arrangement began is that the countess made for him a congenial and lovable companion.

It was in the inauspicious and evil circumstances of his early life in Italy that Byron wrote some of his strongest work — the last canto of "Childe Harold," "Manfred," "The Lament of Tasso," "Mazeppa," "Beppo," and the first two cantos of "Don Juan." The third canto of "Childe Harold" and "The Prisoner of Chillon" had been written in Switzerland. The remainder of his literary work, the very strongest of all he wrote, was produced in the home that was made for him by the loving care of the Countess Guiccioli. But even successful literary work, much as his heart and pride were in it, and even



LORD BYRON.

From a sketch by Count D'Orsay, May, 1823.



the serenity and comfort of happy domesticity, which now for the first time in his life he was enjoying, were not enough to keep the heart and soul of such a man as Byron securely anchored. For with all his faults, and no man ever made a worse use of such as he had, Byron had a true and tender heart, and an ambitious and noble-purposed soul. His estrangement from his wife, his separation from his daughter, greatly fretted and pained him. That in respect of his conduct toward his wife the world would finally exonerate him of serious wrong-doing when it should know all the facts, though it might blame him for his follies, he firmly believed; and that it might know all the facts he drew up his "Memoirs" and intrusted them to his friend, the poet Moore, for publication after his death; but, unfortunately for Byron's reputation, Moore rather thoughtlessly allowed these memoirs to be destroyed. But though Byron had thus done what he could to set his mind at rest regarding a matter that touched his pride as well as his heart to the quick, and though he seemed to gain greater literary power with every verse he wrote, and though his home life was a happier one than ever before he had known, yet his unsatisfactory relationship with the great world of society and action which he was so well fitted to take a shining and commanding part in, made him dissatisfied with the whole tenor of his existence — domestic happiness and comfort, literary success and honor, and everything else.

But a wider field of action immediately opened before him. The patriots of Greece ardently sought his sympathy and his aid. He joined the cause for the restoration of Hellenic liberty; and he determined to devote

his life, his means, and his talents to the cause he had adopted. On July 14, 1823, he bade farewell to his devoted "Theresa" (the Countess of Guiccioli), and accompanied by her brother, Count Gamba, who was his faithful companion to the last, he set sail from Genoa in a ship that he had had fitted out for him, to take a personal and practical part in the fight which the Greeks were making against their enslavers. Arrived in Greece, he was hailed as a heaven-sent deliverer. He was made a commander-in-chief, and asked to share in the governorship of the Morea. But Greece was full of factions, and a wise course of action was exceedingly difficult. However, Byron was sagacious and prudent, both in acting and in not acting, and he soon convinced the Greeks of all factions that he was one whose judgment could be relied upon. He was appointed commissioner to dispense the loan of a million crowns which the friends of Greece in England had been able to raise for the patriotic revolutionists; and had he lived there is no doubt that he would have been asked to occupy a regal throne. But it was not to be. Byron's work was over. The place where he was stationed, Missolonghi, proved to be a veritable fever-bed. Byron's constitution was peculiarly susceptible to miasmatic influences, and he was implored to leave and go elsewhere. But he would not. He thought that to do so would be to show cowardice. He took the fever; he was treated most unwisely by his physicians; and he died, April 19, 1824. Thirty-seven guns were fired in his honor, one for every year of his life, and for twenty-one days Greece went in mourning. She also begged for the body of her "liberator" to be buried in the Temple of Theseus at Athens. But the

remains were taken to England. It was thought that the great poet would have been buried in Westminster Abbey. But an objection was raised, and by his sister's wish he was taken to the burial place of his ancestors at Hucknall, near Newstead, where now she, also, and his little daughter, Ada, the two beings whom he loved most tenderly of all, lie with him.

Byron's work, marred though it often is by much that the moralist and the man of good taste must alike condemn, belongs, nevertheless, to the world's greatest literature. It was great because he himself was great — great in force, in scope of observation, in range of sympathy, in imaginative idealization, in descriptive faculty, and in the power of putting into clear and memorable language reflections that when once read seem to come to the minds of all readers like thoughts inborn within themselves. But he had an even greater ability than any of these — the ability to see the absurdity, the weakness, the want of consistency or reasonableness, in the mental and moral attitude of men and women, and of societies, communities, and nations, as to all matters of social conduct; and the ability also to describe this weakness and to make it a matter for the laughter of gods and men. In other words, he was the greatest social satirist that the modern world has known. Such works as "The Vision of Judgment" and "Don Juan" (for "Don Juan" is really a satire) are unequalled in literature. They may offend our sense of propriety, and undoubtedly they do. They may be unfit for reading to any but men and women of fixed principles and settled habits of conduct, and undoubtedly they are. But, nevertheless, in force and swiftness of execution, in

deftness of touch, in color, in action, in vivid imaginative groupings and dispositions, in interest, in the expression of varied feelings from humor to pathos, from the ridiculous to the sublime, they excel all other poetic compositions that ever have been written. Many critics have described "The Vision of Judgment" as the greatest social satire of modern times. So noble-minded a judge as Sir Walter Scott pronounced "Don Juan" as having "the variety even of Shakespeare." Goethe said of it: "It is full of soul and is exquisitely delicate in its tenderness." Shelley spoke of it as "wholly new, and yet surpassingly beautiful." And in such opinions as these the world of lesser critics also pretty generally concur.

Byron's greatness as a poet lay in the simplicity, the naturalness, the force, the directness, the felicity or appositeness, and oftentimes the beauty, of his descriptions and reflections. His was not a creative intellect. He gave to the world no new thought, no new philosophy, no new and profound explanation of life and its mysteries, no new inspirations of hope and trust and faith — in short, nothing to make the world better, or brighter, or happier, except an enjoyment for the passing hour, a pleasing but temporary incitement of the feeling and fancy. His influence, therefore, is wholly titillative and sensuous, although so in an exceptionally superior degree. That is to say, it is not inspirational or inseminating. It produces no permanent emotion; it develops no lasting impulses toward either thought or action. Its effect is wholly superficial and evanescent.

Many of Byron's reflections and descriptions were uttered by the characters he created, and might, therefore, be expected to have partaken of his characters' idio-



syncrasies; in other words, to have been as dramatic in reality as they were in form. But Byron's want of creative power was manifested here also. He did not possess the gift of dramatic characterization. His heroines, outwardly so many varying types of physical loveliness, were inwardly only so many varying types of the capacity for loving and being loved. Of other gifts and graces we discover but little in their creator's presentation of them. His heroes, too, were merely modifications of one master type, and that, no doubt, his own. The hero of "Childe Harold" was intended at first to be a dramatic character; but long before the poem was finished the author ceased even to pretend to make the character anything other than his own. The other great characters of Byron — Manfred, Cain, Lara, Conrad, the Giaour, etc. — are but idealizations — oftentimes extreme idealizations — of phases of character which Byron found in himself. Even Don Juan is but the completer realization of what Byron was, or fancied that he could have been, in his youth. But it must be remembered that Byron made no pretence in his poetical work (except in his lyrics) to be anything else than a narrator. Where he gives his poems a dramatic form, or has his characters speak in their own persons, it is merely to make his narrative run the more easily. A great point of praise for Byron is that he rarely misestimated the scope of his own genius, and so made few failures. His work, such as he did, is what he could do easiest and best; and he did not even attempt any sort of work that he could not do well.

As a rule, Byron had only two sets of intellectual operations to put into words; first, the description of a

fact, the narration of an incident, the telling of a story; and, second, the expression of some reflection. He saw his facts clearly, and he endeavored to express them clearly. His story-telling, therefore, was always simple and direct. His reflections, too, as mental processes, were equally clear-cut. They were never profound or esoteric; in fact, they were generally obvious, and oftentimes scarcely more than superficial. These, also, he



ARMS OF THE BYRON FAMILY.

endeavored to express with the utmost clearness. His style, therefore, partook of the simplicity and directness of his mental operations. As he became more and more experienced in authorship it became the very perfection of simplicity and "rush." He never loitered or dawdled. He went continuously on — leaping over or passing round an obstacle — never stopping to remove it. In time his song flight became the very swiftest of all our poetic choir. He was not, however, in the least painstaking in what he wrote. He was scarcely even passably

so. His mistakes in syntax, and in construction, were frequent enough to bring upon him the contemptuous criticism of many grammarians. His want of ear, or, rather, his carelessness in all matters of the ear — in melody, rhythm, rhyme, etc. — has made Swinburne say that no other poet of any considerable renown ever wrote so badly as he. At times, too, he gets so hopelessly entangled in his metaphors, similes, and other poetic images, as to be scarcely intelligible. But all these defects are merely as grains of dust in the pure wheat. The great body of Byron's verse proceeds as directly straight ahead, and is as easily understood, as the "Pilgrim's Progress" or the "Proverbs of Solomon."

The reason why Byron's method of expression was so simple and direct is that his natural gift of expression was so great that everything he wrote he wrote without effort — with "running pen," as the Romans used to say. As for style, he paid no thought to it whatever. He never elaborated his composition. "I am like the tiger in the jungle," he used to say; "if I miss my first spring I go off grumbling to my lair again."

Nor of versification did he make any study. Of the various forms of verse which he used those which he most followed were adopted out of mere fancy or caprice; one, because it had been used by his favorite Pope; another, because Scott had had success with it; and so on. Even the "ottava rima," the eight-lined verse of "Beppo" and "Don Juan," which he has made so peculiarly his own, — of which, indeed, he is the greatest master of all who ever handled it, — was adopted almost by accident. In short, Byron was not an artist, either in composition or versification, and he never attempted to be one. The

assiduous pains of poets like Tennyson, or Longfellow, or Gray, or his favorite Pope, or even Scott, he never practised, or even dreamed of. His untutored genius was, in his judgment, all-sufficing, and he was quite willing to have it thought so. Indeed, he was quite willing to have it thought that poetry was to him a natural gift — one that had come to him without any effort or desire on his part, much as his title of nobility had come to him. He never cared to consider himself simply as a poet. At first, and for a long time, he even would not receive any pay for his poetry, permitting his friends to reap the financial benefits that arose from his exercise of his genius; although when he had thus allowed several thousand pounds to slip out of his hands, because of his foolish pride, he became more sensible, and took pay like any one else. Afterward, indeed, he got so that he could drive as hard bargains with his publishers as any other author. But never, even when most popular as a writer, or even when most powerful, did he abate one jot from that jauntiness of demeanor which made him appear as if he cared not one whit for his poetic fame; and in good truth he did care but little for it.

CRITICAL STUDIES AND REMINISCENCES.

LADY BLESSINGTON'S PORTRAIT OF BYRON.

"I HAD fancied him taller, with a more dignified and commanding air, and I looked in vain for the hero-looking sort of person with whom I had so long identified him in imagination. His appearance is, however, highly prepossessing; his head is finely shaped, and the forehead open, high, and noble; his eyes are grey and full of expression, but one is visibly larger than the other; his mouth is the most remarkable feature in his face, the upper lip of Grecian shortness, and the corners descending, the lips full and finely cut. In speaking he shows his teeth very much, and they are white and even; but I observed that even in his smile — and he smiles frequently — there is something of a scornful expression in his mouth that is evidently natural and not, as many suppose, affected. . . . His countenance is full of expression, and changes with the subject of conversation; it gains on the beholder the more it is seen, and leaves an agreeable impression. . . . He is very slightly lame, and the deformity of his foot is so little remarkable that I am not now aware which foot it is. His voice and accent are peculiarly agreeable but effeminate — clear, harmonious, and so distinct that, though his general tone in speaking is rather low than high, not a word is lost. . . . I had expected to find

him a dignified, cold, reserved, and haughty person, resembling those mysterious personages he so loves to paint in his works, and with whom he has been so often identified by the good-natured world. But nothing can be more different; for were I to point out the prominent defect in Lord Byron, I should say it was flippancy, and a total want of that natural self-possession and dignity which ought to characterize a man of birth and education." Upon which Mr. William Minto remarks: "Such, judged by the social standards of his own country, was the look and personal manner of the greatest literary power of this century."

BYRON'S SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS AS TO HIS LAMENESS.

It is certain that one of the poet's feet was, either at birth or at a very early period, so seriously clubbed or twisted as to affect his gait, and to a considerable extent his habits. It also appears that the surgical means — boots, bandages, etc. — adopted to straighten the limb only aggravated the evil. His sensitiveness on the subject was early awakened by careless or unfeeling references. "What a pretty boy Byron is!" said a friend to his nurse. "What a pity he has such a leg!" On which the child, with flashing eyes, cutting at her with a baby's whip, cried out, "Dinna speak of it." His mother herself, in her violent fits, when the boy ran round the room laughing at her attempts to catch him, used to say he was a little dog, as bad as his father, and to call him "a lame brat" — an incident which notoriously suggested the opening scene of the "Deformed Transformed." In the height of his popu-

larity he fancied that the beggars and street-sweepers in London were mocking him. He satirized and discouraged dancing; he preferred riding and swimming to other exercises, because they concealed his weakness; and on his deathbed asked to be blistered in such a way that he might not be called on to expose it. The Countess Guiccioli, Lady Blessington, and others assure us that in society few would have observed the defect if he had not referred to it; but it was never far from the mind, and therefore never far from the mouth, of the least reticent of men. — JOHN NICHOL.

BYRON AND LADY BYRON.

There is a kind of genius, closely associated with intense irritability, which it is difficult to subject to the most reasonable yoke; and of this sort was Byron's. His valet, Fletcher, is reported to have said that "Any woman could manage my lord, except my lady"; and Madame De Staël, on reading the "Farewell," that "She would have been glad to have been in Lady Byron's place." But it may be doubted if Byron would have made a good husband to any woman; his wife and he were even more than unusually ill-assorted. A model of the proprieties, and a pattern of the learned philanthropy of which, in her sex, he was wont to make a constant butt, she was no fit consort for that "*mens insana in corpore insano.*" What could her placid temperament conjecture of a man whom she saw, in one of his fits of passion, throwing a favorite watch under the fire, and grinding it to pieces with a poker? Or how could her conscious virtue tolerate the recurring irregu-

larities which he was accustomed, not only to permit himself, but to parade? The harassment of his affairs stimulated his violence, till she was inclined to suspect him to be mad. — JOHN NICHOL.

INCOMPATIBILITY OF BYRON AND LADY BYRON.

Some of Lady Byron's recently printed letters — as that to Lady Anne Barnard, and the reports of later observers of her character, as William Howitt — tend to detract from the earlier tributes to her consistent amiability, and confirm our ideas of the incompatibility of the pair. It must have been trying to a poet to be asked by his wife, impatient of his late hours, when he was going to leave off writing verses; to be told he had no real enthusiasm; or to have his desk broken open, and its compromising contents sent to the persons for whom they were least intended. The smouldering elements of discontent may have been fanned by the gossip of dependants, or the officious zeal of relatives, and kindled into a jealous flame by the ostentation of regard for others beyond the circle of his home. Lady Byron doubtless believed some story which, when communicated to her legal advisers, led them to the conclusion that the mere fact of her believing it made reconciliation impossible; and the inveterate obstinacy which lurked beneath her gracious exterior made her cling through life to the substance — not always to the form, whatever that may have been — of her first impressions. Her later letters to Mrs. Leigh, as that called forth by Moore's "Life," are certainly as open to the charge of

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF LORD BYRON TO MR. MURRAY, DATED MISSOLONGHI, FEBRUARY 25, 1824.

I have heard from Mr Douglas & Ld that you state a report of a satire on Mrs Gifford "having arrived from Italy and to be "written by me! — but that you do not be= "=lieve it. — " — I dare say you do not — any body else. I should think — whom ever asserts that I am the author or abettor of anything of the kind on Gifford — lies in his throat. — I always regarded him as my literary father — and myself as his parricidal son; if any such composition exists it is none of mine — — you know as well as any body upon whom I have or have not written — and you also know whether they do or did not deserve that name.

self-righteousness as those of her husband's are to self-disparagement. — JOHN NICHOL.

"THYRZA."

But the death which most deeply wounded Byron came later.[1] Nothing ever racked him with sharper anguish than the death of her whom he mourned under the name of Thyrza. To know the bitterness of his struggle with this sorrow, we have only to look at what he wrote on the day that the news reached him (Oct. 11, 1811); some of his wildest and most purely misanthropical verse, as well as some of his sweetest and saddest, belongs to that blackest of dates in his calendar. It is time that something were done to trace this attachment, which has been strangely overlooked by the essayists and biographers, because it furnishes an important clue to Byron's character, and is, indeed, of hardly less importance than his later attachment to the Countess Guiccioli. Mr. John Morley, in an essay which ought to be read by everybody who wishes to form a clear idea of Byron's poetry as a revolutionary force in itself and an index to the movement of the time, remarks upon the respect which Byron, with all his raillery of the married state in modern society, still shows for the domestic idea. It is against the artificial union, the marriage of convenience, that Byron's raillery is directed; he always upholds singleness of attachment as an ideal, however cynically or mournfully he laments its infrequence, and points with laughter or with tears

[1] Mr. Minto had been previously speaking of the deaths of Byron's friends, Matthews and Wingfield; also of the death of the poet's mother.

at the way in which it is crossed and cut short by circumstances when it does exist. Byron is not a railer against matrimony, except as a counterfeit of the natural union of hearts. His attachment to Thyrza shows that in this, as in other matters, he was transparently sincere. — WILLIAM MINTO.

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BYRON'S REAL CONSTANCY OF AFFECTION.

To look for the causes of moodiness and melancholy in material circumstances is a very foolish quest; but we may be certain that insufficiency of this world's money, and the daily vexations and insults to which his rank was thereby exposed, had much more to do with Byron's youthful gloom than satiety of this world's pleasures. His embarrassed finances, and the impossibility of securing the respect due to his title, formed a constant source of annoyance, put his whole system into a morbid condition in which every little slight and repulse festered and rankled with exaggerated virulence. From the daily humiliations and impertinences to which his false position exposed him, aggravated by his jealous and suspicious irritability, he may have turned sometimes to Childe Harold's consolations — "the harlot and the bowl," but his nature prompted him rather to forget his vexations in purer and worthier objects. Unfortunately for him, such impetuous and passionate affections as his could rarely find the response for which he craved. In those few cases where devotion was repaid with devotion, the warmth of his gratitude was unbounded; he loaded poor Thyrza's memory with caresses, careless of what the world might say, remem-

bering only that the poor girl clung to him with unselfish love; and he returned his sister's tender regard with an ardor and constancy that showed how highly he prized, and how eagerly he reciprocated, sincere affection. — WILLIAM MINTO.

SCOTT, ON BYRON AND BURNS.

I saw him for the last time in (September) 1815, after I returned from France; he dined or lunched with me at Long's in Bond Street. I never saw him so full of gaiety and good humor. The day of this interview was the most interesting I ever spent. Several letters passed between us — one perhaps every half year. Like the old heroes in Homer we exchanged gifts; I gave Byron a beautiful dagger mounted with gold, which had been the property of the redoubted Elfi Bey. But I was to play the part of Diomed in the "Iliad," for Byron sent me, some time after, a large sepulchral vase of silver, full of dead men's bones, found within the land walls of Athens. He was often melancholy, almost gloomy. When I observed him in this humor I used either to wait till it went off of its own accord, or till some natural and easy mode occurred of leading him into conversation, when the shadows almost always left his countenance, like the mist arising from a landscape. I think I also remarked in his temper starts of suspicion, when he seemed to pause and consider whether there had not been a secret and perhaps offensive meaning in something that was said to him. In this case I also judged it best to let his mind, like a troubled spring, work itself clear, which it did in a min-

ute or two. A downright steadiness of manner was the way to his good opinion. Will Rose, looking by accident at his feet, saw him scowling furiously; but on his showing no consciousness, his lordship resumed his easy manner. What I liked about him, besides his boundless genius, was his generosity of spirit, as well as of purse, and his utter contempt of all the affectations of literature. He liked Moore and me because, with all our other differences, we were both good-natured fellows, not caring to maintain our dignity, enjoying the *mot-pour-rire*. He wrote from impulse, never from effort, and therefore I have always reckoned Burns and Byron the most genuine poetic geniuses of my time, and of half a century before me. — SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BYRON AND THE WORLD'S TREATMENT OF HIM.

He came into the world; and the world treated him as his mother had treated him, sometimes with fondness, sometimes with cruelty, never with justice. It indulged him without discrimination and punished him without discrimination. He was truly a spoiled child; not merely the spoiled child of his parent, but the spoiled child of nature, the spoiled child of fortune, the spoiled child of fame, the spoiled child of society. His first poems were received with a contempt which, feeble as they were, they did not absolutely deserve. The poem which he published on his return from his travels was, on the other hand, extolled far above its merit. At twenty-four he found himself on the pinnacle of literary fame, with Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, and a crowd of other

distinguished writers beneath his feet. There is scarcely an instance in history of so sudden a rise to so dizzy an eminence. Everything that could stimulate and everything that could gratify the strongest propensities of our nature, the gaze of a hundred drawing rooms, the acclamations of the whole nation, the applause of applauded men, the love of lovely women, all this world and all the glory of it, were at once offered to a youth



THE VILLA DIODATI.
The Residence of Lord Byron. From a Drawing by Purser.

to whom nature had given violent passions, and whom education had never taught to control them. He lived as many men live who have no similar excuse to plead for their faults. But his countrymen and countrywomen would love and admire him. They were resolved to see

in his excesses only the flash and outbreak of that same fiery mind which glowed in his poetry. . . . Everything, it seemed, was to be forgiven to youth, rank, and genius. Then came the reaction. Society, capricious in its indignation as it had been capricious in its fondness, flew into a rage with its froward and petted darling. He had been worshipped with an irrational idolatry. He was persecuted with an irrational fury. — LORD MACAULAY.

BYRON AND SCOTT — BYRON'S FORCE AND IMPETUOSITY.

Like Scott, Byron is often defective in his rhymes and the other minutiæ of his art, and is wanting in exquisite finish in general and absolute perfection and felicity of expression in occasional passages. But the positive blots on his style are more frequent and more offensive than those of Scott, while his best passages are finer. He lacked the patience and self-discipline, he lacked the single-minded devotion to art, without thought of self, requisite for the production of perfect works of art. Like Scott, he wrote with great rapidity. The "Bride of Abydos" is said to have been written in four days; the "Corsair" in ten days; the third canto of "Childe Harold" in a few weeks; the fourth, in its original draft of 126 stanzas, in a month. He wrote to relieve himself, or impress the public, not to produce something perfectly beautiful. He falls beneath Scott in the broader technical excellencies of structure, unity, development, etc. His poems consist of passages of greater or less excellence, strung together without much connection or plan. Yet there is a force and variety in Byron's work that carries us along, so that in such poems as

"Childe Harold" and "Don Juan" we scarcely note this lack. Here, indeed, we come upon the qualities that give Byron's verse its permanent place in literature. Two critics as different as Swinburne and Matthew Ar-



FRANCISCAN CONVENT, ATHENS.
The Residence of Lord Byron, 1811. From a Drawing by C. Stanfield, A.R.A.

nold agree in according to his poetry "the splendid and imperishable excellence which covers all his offences and outweighs all his defects: *the excellence of sincerity and strength.*" — PROFESSOR W. J. ALEXANDER, PH.D.

BYRON'S INDEPENDENCE AND INDIVIDUALITY AS A POET.

The position of Byron as a poet is a curious one. He is partly of the past and partly of the present. Something of the school of Pope clings to him; yet no one so completely broke away from old measures and old manners to make his poetry individual, not imitative. At first he has no interest whatever in the human questions which were so strongly felt by Wordsworth and Shelley. His early work is chiefly narrative poetry, written that he might talk of himself and not of mankind. Nor has he any philosophy except that which centres round the problem of his own being. "Cain," the most thoughtful of his productions, is in reality nothing more than the representation of the way in which the doctrines of original sin and final reprobation affected his own soul. We feel naturally great interest in this strong personality, put before us with such obstinate power, but it wearies us at last. Finally it wearied himself. As he grew in power, he escaped from his morbid self, and ran into the opposite extreme in "Don Juan." It is chiefly in it that he shows the influence of the revolutionary spirit. It is written in bold revolt against all the conventionality of social morality and religion and politics. It claimed for himself and for others absolute freedom of individual act and thought in opposition to that force of society which tends to make all men after one pattern. This was the best result of his work, though the way in which it was done can scarcely be approved. As the poet of nature, he belongs also to the old and the new school. Byron's sympathy with Nature is a sympathy

with himself reflected in her moods. But he also escaped from this position of the later eighteenth-century poets, and he looks on Nature as she is, apart from himself; and this escape is made, as in the case of his poetry of man, in his later poems. Lastly, it is his colossal power, and the ease that comes from it, in which he resembles Dryden, as well as his amazing productiveness, which mark him specially. But it is always more power of the intellect than of the imagination. — STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

BYRON'S ADDICTION TO SELF-PORTRAITURE.

His descriptions, great as was their intrinsic merit, derived their principal interest from the feeling which always mingled with them. He was himself the beginning, the middle, and the end of all his own poetry, the hero of every tale, the chief object in every landscape. Harold, Lara, Manfred, and a crowd of other characters were universally considered merely as loose incognitos of Byron; and there is every reason to believe that he meant them to be so considered. The wonders of the outer world, the Tagus, with the mighty fleets of England riding on its bosom, the towers of Cintra overhanging the shaggy forest of cork-trees and willows, the glaring marble of Pentelicus, the banks of the Rhine, the glaciers of Clarens, the sweet lake of Leman, the dell of Egeria, with its summer birds and rustling lizards, the shapeless ruins of Rome overgrown with ivy and wall-flowers, the stars, the sea, the mountains, all were mere accessories, the background to one dark and melancholy figure. — LORD MACAULAY.

BYRON'S MORBIDNESS OF FEELING.

Never had any writer so vast a command of the whole eloquence of scorn, misanthropy, and despair. That



THE MAID OF ATHENS.

From a Sketch made from Life in 1823. The Poem was written in 1810.

Marah was never dry. No art could sweeten, no draughts could exhaust, its perennial waters of bitterness. Never was there such variety in monotony as that of Byron. From maniac laughter to piercing lamentation, there was not a single note of human anguish of which he was not master. Year after year, and month after month, he continued to repeat that to be wretched is the destiny of all; that to be eminently wretched is the destiny of the eminent; that all the

desires by which we are cursed lead alike to misery, — if they are not gratified, to the misery of disappointment; if they are gratified, to the misery of satiety. His heroes are men who have arrived by different roads at the same goal of despair, who are sick of life, who are at war with society, who are supported in their anguish only by an unconquerable pride resembling that of Prometheus on the rock, or of Satan in the burning marl, who can master their agonies by the force of their will, and who, to the last, defy the whole power of earth and heaven. He always described himself as a man of the same kind with his favorite creations, as a man whose heart had been withered, whose capacity for happiness was gone and could not be restored, but whose invincible spirit dared the worst that could befall him here or hereafter. — LORD MACAULAY.

THE DECLINE IN BYRON'S REPUTATION.

During his lifetime Byron enjoyed a renown which has rarely fallen to the lot of any living writer. At the present day it is common to hear people asserting that Byron was not a true poet. Some causes of this revolution are patent. In the first place, he cannot be called a moral poet. His collected works are not of a kind to be recommended for family reading; and the poems in which his genius shines most clearly are precisely those which lie open to the charges of cynicism, unorthodoxy, or licentiousness. Again, he suffers from the very range and versatility of his performance. His masterpieces are long, and make considerable demands upon the reader's patience. Byron has suffered even

more from the mixed quality of his work. Not only are his poems voluminous, but they are exceedingly unequal. — J. A. SYMONDS.

BYRON COMPARED WITH OTHER NINETEENTH-CENTURY POETS.

The sudden burst of glory which followed upon the publication of "Childe Harold," and the indiscriminate enthusiasm of his admirers, injured Byron during his lifetime by establishing the certainty that whatever he wrote would be read. It has injured him still more with posterity by stirring a reaction against claims in some respects so obviously ill-founded. Instead of subjecting the whole mass of Byron's poetry to a careful criticism, the world has been contented lately to reckon it among the nine days' wonders of a previous age. This injustice would, however, have been impossible, unless a current of taste inimical to Byron had set in soon after his death. Students of literature in England began about that period to assimilate Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, Landor — those very poets whom Byron, in his uncritical arrogance, had despised or neglected. Their ears became accustomed to versification more exquisite and careful, to harmonies deeper and more refined if less resonant and brilliant. They learned to demand a more patient and studied delineation of natural beauty, passion more reserved, artistic aims at once more sober and more earnest, and emotions of a less obtrusively personal type. Tennyson and Browning, with all the poet-artists of the present generation, represent as sheer a departure from Byronian pre-

cedent as it is possible to take in literature. The very greatness of Byron has unfitted him for an audience educated in this different school of poetry. That greatness was his truth to fact, conceived as action, feeling, energy; not as the material for picture-painting, reflec-



LORD BYRON'S TOMB.

tion, or analysis. Men nursed on the idyllic or the analytic kinds of poetry can hardly do him justice; not because he is exactly greater, or they indisputably less, but because he makes his best points in a region which is alien to their sympathy. — J. A. SYMONDS.

BYRON AND PRESENT-DAY STANDARDS OF TASTE.

We are nowadays accustomed to an art which appeals to educated sensibilities, by suggestions and reflections, by careful workmanship and attentive study of form, by

artistically finished epitomes of feeling, by picturesquely blended reminiscences of realism, culture, and poetical idealism. Byron's work is too primitive, too like the raw material of poetry, in its crudity and inequality, to suit our Neo-Alexandrian taste. He wounds our sympathies; he violates our canons of correctness; he fails to satisfy our subtlest sense of art. He showers upon us in profusion what we do not want, and withholds the things for which we have been trained to crave. His personality inspires no love, like that which makes the devotees of Shelley as faithful to the man as they are loyal to the poet. His intellect, though robust and masculine, is not of the kind to which we willingly submit. As a man, as a thinker, as an artist, he is out of harmony with us. Nevertheless, nothing can be more certain than Byron's commanding place in English literature. He is the only British poet of the nineteenth century who is also European; nor will the lapse of time fail to make his greatness clearer to his fellow-countrymen, when a just critical judgment finally dominates the fluctuations of fashion to which he has been subject. — J. A. SYMONDS.

BYRON MEASURED BY THE STANDARDS OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE.

If we measure Byron from the standpoint of British literature, where of absolute perfection in verse there is perhaps less than we desire, he will scarcely bear the test of niceness to which our present rules of taste expose him. But if we try him by the standards of universal literature, where of finish and exactitude in ex-

ecution there is plenty, we shall find that he has qualities of strength and elasticity, of elemental sweep and energy, which condone all defects in technical achievement. Such power, sincerity and radiance, such directness of generous enthusiasm and disengagement from local or patriotic prepossessions, such sympathy with the forces of humanity in movement after freedom, such play of humor and passion, as Byron pours into the common stock, are no slight contributions. Europe does not need to make the discount upon Byron's claims to greatness that are made by his own country. — J. A. SYMONDS.



READINGS FROM BYRON.

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.

Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.[1]

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart;
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

By those tresses unconfined,
Woo'd by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

[1] "My life, I love thee." (Pronounced, Zo-ee mou, sas ag-a-po.)

ON PARTING.

The kiss, dear maid! thy lip has left
  Shall never part from mine,
Till happier hours restore the gift
  Untainted back to thine.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
  An equal love may see:
The tear that from thine eyelid streams
  Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest
  In gazing when alone:
Nor one memorial for a breast
  Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write — to tell the tale
  My pen were doubly weak:
Oh! what can idle words avail,
  Unless the heart could speak?

By day or night, in weal or woe,
  That heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show,
  And silent, ache for thee.

MARCH, 1811.

FARE THEE WELL.[1]

Fare thee well! and if forever,
  Still forever, fare thee well:
Even though unforgiving, never
  'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee,
  Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
  Which thou ne'er canst know again:

[1] Addressed to his wife.

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show!
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'T was not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee —
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not:
Love may sink by slow decay;
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thine own its life retaineth,
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
And the undying thought which paineth
Is - that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead;
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!"
Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is press'd,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love had bless'd!

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know;
All my hopes where'er thou goest,
Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee — by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now:

But 't is done — all words are idle —
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well! thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this I scarce can die.

MARCH 17, 1816.

EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA.[1]

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine;
Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
No tears, but tenderness to answer mine:
Go where I will, to me thou art the same —
A loved regret which I would not resign.
There yet are two things in my destiny, —
A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

The first were nothing — had I still the last,
It were the haven of my happiness;
But other claims and other ties thou hast,
And mine is not the wish to make them less.
A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;
Reversed for him our grandsire's fate of yore, —
He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

[1] His sister.

If my inheritance of storms hath been
In other elements, and on the rocks
Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,
I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks,
The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen,
My errors with defensive paradox;
I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward.
My whole life was a contest, since the day
That gave me being, gave me that which marr'd
The gift, — a fate, or will, that walk'd astray;
And I at times have found the struggle hard,
And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay:
But now I fain would for a time survive,
If but to see what next can well arrive.

Kingdoms and empires in my little day
I have outlived, and yet I am not old;
And when I look on this, the petty spray
Of my own years of trouble, which have roll'd
Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away;
Something — I know not what — does still uphold
A spirit of slight patience; — not in vain,
Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir
Within me — or perhaps a cold despair,
Brought on when ills habitually recur, —
Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,
(For even to this may change of soul refer,
And with light armor we may learn to bear),
Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not
The chief companion of a calmer lot.

I feel almost at times as I have felt
In happy childhood; trees, and flowers, and brooks,
Which do remember me of where I dwelt
Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,
Come as of yore upon me, and can melt

My heart with recognition of their looks;
And even at moments I could think I see
Some living thing to love — but none like thee.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create
A fund for contemplation; — to admire
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date;
But something worthier do such scenes inspire:
Here to be lonely is not desolate,
For much I view which I could most desire,
And, above all, a lake I can behold
Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

Oh that thou wert but with me! — but I grow
The fool of my own wishes, and forget
The solitude which I have vaunted so
Has lost its praise in this but one regret;
There may be others which I less may show; —
I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet
I feel an ebb in my philosophy,
And the tide rising in my alter'd eye.

I did remind thee of our own dear Lake,
By the old Hall which may be mine no more.
Leman's is fair: but think not I forsake
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore:
Sad havoc Time must with my memory make,
Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before;
Though, like all things which I have loved, they are
Resign'd forever, or divided far.

The world is all before me; I but ask
Of Nature that with which she will comply —
It is but in her summer's sun to bask,
To mingle with the quiet of her sky,
To see her gentle face without a mask,
And never gaze on it with apathy.
She was my early friend, and now shall be
My sister — till I look again on thee.

I can reduce all feelings but this one;
And that I would not; — for at length I see
Such scenes as those wherein my life begun.
The earliest — even the only paths for me —
Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,
I had been better than I now can be;
The passions which have torn me would have slept;
I had not suffer'd, and *thou* hadst not wept.

With false Ambition what had I to do?
Little with Love, and least of all with Fame;
And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,
And made me all which they can make — a name.
Yet this was not the end I did pursue;
Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.
But all is over — I am one the more
To baffled millions which have gone before.

And for the future, this world's future may
From me demand but little of my care;
I have outlived myself by many a day;
Having survived so many things that were;
My years have been no slumber, but the prey
Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share
Of life which might have fill'd a century,
Before its fourth in time had pass'd me by.

And for the remnant which may be to come
I am content; and for the past I feel
Not thankless, — for within the crowded sum
Of struggles, happiness at times would steal,
And for the present, I would not benumb
My feelings further. — Nor shall I conceal
That with all this I still can look around,
And worship Nature with a thought profound.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart
I know myself secure, as thou in mine;
We were and are — I am, even as thou art —
Beings who ne'er each other can resign;

It is the same, together or apart,
From life's commencement to its slow decline
We are entwined: — let death come slow or fast,
The tie which bound the first endures the last!

WATERLOO.[1]

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? — No; 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet. —
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

[1] From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," Canto III.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips — "The foe! they come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes: —
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave, — alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms, — the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one red burial blent!

VENICE.[1]

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the wingèd Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers:
And such she was; her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone — but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade — but Nature doth not die,

[1] From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," Canto IV.



Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away —
The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

* * * * * * * *

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord;
And, annual marriage now no more renew'd,
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
Neglected garment of her widowhood!
St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood
Stand, but in mockery of his wither'd power,
Over the proud Place where an Emperor sued,
And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
When Venice was a queen with an unequall'd dower.

* * * * * * * *

I loved her from my boyhood; she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's art,
Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,
Although I found her thus, we did not part,
Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show.

ROME.[1]

Oh, Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day —
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climb'd the Capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
All round us; we but feel our way to err:
The ocean hath its chart, the stars their map,
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;

[1] From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," Canto IV.



But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections; now we clap
Our hands, and cry "Eureka!" it is clear —
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page! — but these shall be
Her resurrection; all beside — decay.
Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free!

THE DYING GLADIATOR.[1]

I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand, — his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low, —
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him: he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not: his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay, —
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother, — he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday; —
All this rushed with his blood. — Shall he expire,
And unavenged? — Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

[1] From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," Canto IV.

THE COLISEUM — THE PANTHEON.[1]

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody steam;
And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,
And roar'd or murmur'd like a mountain stream
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;
Here, where the Roman million's blame or praise
Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,
My voice sounds much — and fall the stars' faint rays
On the arena void — seats crush'd — walls bow'd —
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud.

A ruin — yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been rear'd;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appear'd.
Hath it indeed been plunder'd, or but clear'd?
Alas! developed, opens the decay,
When the colossal fabric's form is near'd:
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft away.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the air
The garland-forest, which the gray walls wear,
Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;
When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
Then in this magic circle raise the dead:
Heroes have trod this spot — 'tis on their dust ye tread.

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls — the World." From our own land
Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
Ancient; and these three mortal things are still

[1] From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," Canto IV.

On their foundations, and unalter'd all;
Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,
The World, the same wide den — of thieves, or what ye will.

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime —
Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,
From Jove to Jesus — spared and blest by time;
Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods
Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods
His way through thorns to ashes — glorious dome!
Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and tyrants' rods
Shiver upon thee — sanctuary and home
Of art and piety — Pantheon! — pride of Rome!

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.[1]

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths, — thy fields
Are not a spoil for him, — thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,

[1] From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," Canto IV.

Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth: — there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals, —
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war, —
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wash'd them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: — not so thou; —
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play —
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow —
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm —
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; — boundless, endless, and sublime —
The image of Eternity — the throne
Of the Invisible; — even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers — they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea

Made them a terror — 't was a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

FIRST LOVE.[1]

'T is sweet to hear,
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep,
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters sweep;
'T is sweet to see the evening star appear;
'T is sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
From leaf to leaf; 't is sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

'T is sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home;
'T is sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come;
'T is sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,
Or lull'd by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,
Purple and gushing: sweet are our escapes
From civic revelry to rural mirth;
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps;
Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth;
Sweet is revenge — especially to women,
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet
The unexpected death of some old lady,
Or gentleman of seventy years complete,
Who 've made "us youth" wait too — too long already,

[1] From "Don Juan," Canto I.

For an estate, or cash, or country seat,
  Still breaking, but with stamina so steady,
That all the Israelites are fit to mob its
Next owner for their double-damn'd post-obits.

'T is sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels,
  By blood or ink; 't is sweet to put an end
To strife; 't is sometimes sweet to have our quarrels,
  Particularly with a tiresome friend:
Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels;
  Dear is the helpless creature we defend
Against the world; and dear the schoolboy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
  Is first and passionate love — it stands alone,
Like Adam's recollection of his fall;
  The tree of knowledge has been pluck'd — all 's known —
And life yields nothing further to recall
  Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,
No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
Fire which Prometheus filch'd for us from heaven.

DONNA JULIA'S LETTER.[1]

" They tell me 't is decided; you depart:
  'T is wise — 't is well, but not the less a pain;
I have no further claim on your young heart,
  Mine is the victim, and would be again:
To love too much has been the only art
  I used; — I write in haste, and if a stain
Be on this sheet, 't is not what it appears;
My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears.

" I loved, I love you; for this love have lost
  State, station, heaven, mankind's, my own esteem;
And yet cannot regret what it hath cost,
  So dear is still the memory of that dream;

[1] From " Don Juan," Canto I.



Yet, if I name my guilt, 't is not to boast, —
None can deem harshlier of me than I deem:
I trace this scrawl because I cannot rest; —
I 've nothing to reproach, or to request.

" Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'T is woman's whole existence. Man may range
The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart;
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
And few there are whom these cannot estrange:
Men have all these resources, we but one, —
To love again, and be again undone.

" You will proceed in pleasure, and in pride,
Beloved and loving many; all is o'er
For me on earth, except some years to hide
My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's core;
These I could bear, but cannot cast aside
The passion which still rages as before, —
And so farewell — forgive me, love me — No;
That word is idle now — but let it go.

" My breast has been all weakness, is so yet;
But still I think I can collect my mind;
My blood still rushes where my spirit 's set,
As roll the waves before the settled wind;
My heart is feminine, nor can forget —
To all, except one image, madly blind;
So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,
As vibrates my fond heart to my fix'd soul.

" I have no more to say, but linger still,
And dare not set my seal upon this sheet;
And yet I may as well the task fulfil,
My misery can scarce be more complete:
I had not lived till now, could sorrow kill;
Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow would meet,
And I must even survive this last adieu,
And bear with life, to love and pray for you! "

HAIDEE DISCOVERING JUAN.[1]

There, breathless, with his digging nails he clung
Fast to the sand, lest the returning wave,
From whose reluctant roar his life he wrung,
Should suck him back to her insatiate grave:
And there he lay, full length, where he was flung,
Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,
With just enough of life to feel its pain,
And deem that it was saved, perhaps, in vain.

With slow and staggering effort he arose,
But sunk again upon his bleeding knee
And quivering hand; and then he look'd for those
Who long had been his mates upon the sea;
But none of them appear'd to share his woes,
Save one, a corpse, from out the famish'd three,
Who died two days before, and now had found
An unknown barren beach for burial ground.

And as he gazed, his dizzy brain spun fast,
And down he sunk; and as he sunk, the sand
Swam round and round, and all his senses pass'd:
He fell upon his side, and his stretch'd hand
Droop'd dripping on the oar (their jury-mast);
And, like a wither'd lily, on the land
His slender frame and pallid aspect lay,
As fair a thing as e'er was form'd of clay.

How long in his damp trance young Juan lay
He knew not, for the earth was gone for him,
And Time had nothing more of night nor day
For his congealing blood, and senses dim;
And how this heavy faintness pass'd away
He knew not, till each painful pulse and limb,
And tingling vein, seem'd throbbing back to life,
For Death, though vanquish'd, still retired with strife.

His eyes he open'd, shut, again unclosed,
For all was doubt and dizziness; he thought

[1] From "Don Juan," Canto II.



He still was in the boat, and had but dozed,
And felt again with his despair o'erwrought,
And wish'd it death in which he had reposed;
And then once more his feelings back were brought,
And slowly by his swimming eyes was seen
A lovely female face of seventeen.

'T was bending close o'er his, and the small mouth
Seem'd almost prying into his for breath;
And chafing him, the soft warm hand of youth
Recall'd his answering spirits back from death;
And, bathing his chill temples, tried to soothe
Each pulse to animation, till beneath
Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh
To these kind efforts made a low reply.

Then was the cordial pour'd, and mantle flung
Around his scarce-clad limbs; and the fair arm
Raised higher the faint head which o'er it hung;
And her transparent cheek, all pure and warm,
Pillow'd his death-like forehead; then she wrung
His dewy curls, long drench'd by every storm;
And watch'd with eagerness each throb that drew
A sigh from his heaved bosom — and hers, too.

And lifting him with care into the cave,
The gentle girl, and her attendant, — one
Young, yet her elder, and of brow less grave,
And more robust of figure, — then begun
To kindle fire; and as the new flames gave
Light to the rocks that root'd them, which the sun
Had never seen, the maid, or whatsoe'er
She was, appear'd distinct, and tall, and fair.

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were roll'd
In braids behind; and though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould,
They nearly reach'd her heel; and in her air
There was a something which bespoke command,
As one who was a lady in the land.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes
  Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
  Deepest attraction; for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
  Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew:
'T is as the snake late coil'd, who pours his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's pure dye
  Like twilight rosy still with the set sun;
Short upper lip — sweet lips! that make us sigh
  Ever to have seen such; for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary
  (A race of mere impostors, when all 's done —
I 've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal).

THE ISLES OF GREECE.[1]

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
  Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
  Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except the r sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
  The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse:
  Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon —
  And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
  I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

[1] From "Don Juan," Canto III.



A king sate on the rocky brow
  Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
  And men in nations; — all were his!
He counted them at break of day —
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
  My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now —
  The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'T is something, in the dearth of fame,
  Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
  Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush — for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
  Must *we* but blush? — Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
  A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
  Ah! no; — the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
  And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise, — we come, we come!"
'T is but the living who are dumb.

In vain — in vain! strike other chords;
  Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
  And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call,
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
  Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
  The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave, —
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
  We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine;
  He served, — but served Polycrates, —
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still at least our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
  Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
  O that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
  On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
  Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks, —
  They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords, and native ranks,
  The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
  Our virgins dance beneath the shade, —
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
  But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.



Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
  Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
  There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine, —
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

STUDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUERIES.

1. What famous heroine of Byron's is referred to in the following description? —

"Then comes the episode of —— 'a long low island song of ancient days,' the character of the girl herself being like a thread of pure gold running through the fabric of its surroundings, motley in every page."

2. What famous poem of Byron's is the subject of the following comments? —

"It can be credited with a text only in the sense in which every large experience, of its own accord, conveys its lesson. It was to the author a picture of the world as he saw it; and it is to us a mirror in which every attribute of his genius, every peculiarity of his nature, is reflected without distortion."

3. Who are supposed to have been the originals of the following characters in "Don Juan": (*a*) "Miss Millpond"; (*b*) "Lady Adeline"; (*c*) "Aurora Raby"; (*d*) "Zuleika"?

4. Two ladies, friends of Lord Byron, were opposed to his writing "Don Juan." Once when he said that "Don Juan" would live longer than "Childe Harold," one of them replied: "Oh, but I would rather have the fame of 'Childe Harold' for three years than an immortality of 'Don Juan.'" They used to speak of "Don Juan" as "that horrid, wearisome Don," and endeavor to persuade him to stop writing it. Who were these two ladies?

5. Who was it that once asked Byron "when he meant to give up his bad habit of making verses"?

6. What great world-renowned critic and poet spoke these words of Byron shortly after his death? —

"The English may think of Byron as they please; but this is



certain, they can show no poet who is to be compared with him. He is different from all the others, and, for the most part, greater."

7. In what poems are the following verses or stanzas to be found?

(*a*) "It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count, — I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last men came to set me free;
I asked not why, and recked not where;
It was at length the same to me,
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
I learn'd to love despair."

(*b*) "At length, while reeling on our way,
Methought I heard a courser neigh,
From out yon tuft of blackening firs.
Is it the wind those branches stirs?
No, no! from out the forest prance
A trampling troop; I see them come!
In one vast squadron they advance!
I strove to cry, — my lips were dumb.
The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
But where are they the reins to guide?
A thousand horse, — and none to ride!
With flowing tail, and flying mane,
Wide nostrils, never stretched by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod,
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
Came thickly thundering on."

(*c*) "The triumph and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife;
The earthquake voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life;

The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seemed made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife, —
All quelled! Dark Spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!"

(*d*) "Here 's a sigh to those that love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky 's above me,
Here 's a heart for every fate."

(*e*) "Were 't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'T is to thee that I would drink."

(*f*) "I have toil'd, and till'd, and sweaten in the sun,
According to the curse: — must I do more?
For what should I be gentle? for a war
With all the elements ere they will yield
The bread we eat? For what must I be grateful?
For being dust, and grovelling in the dust,
Till I return to dust? If I am nothing —
For nothing shall I be an hypocrite,
And seem well-pleas'd with pain? For what should I
Be contrite?"

(*g*) "Woman, that fair and fond deceiver,
How prompt are striplings to believe her!"

(*h*) "Away with your fictions of flimsy romance;
Those tissues of falsehood which folly has wove!
Give me the mild beam of the soul-breathing glance,
And the rapture which dwells in the first kiss of love."

(*i*) "At once I 'll tell thee our opinion
Concerning woman's soft dominion:
Howe'er we gaze with admiration,
On eyes of blue, or lips carnation,
Howe'er the flowing locks attract us,
Howe'er those beauties may distract us,
Still fickle, we are prone to rove, —

These cannot fix our souls to love.
It is not too severe a stricture,
To say they form a pretty picture;
But wouldst thou see the secret chain
Which binds us in your humble train,
To hail you queens of all creation —
Know, in a word, 'tis: ANIMATION."

(*j*) "A man must serve his time to ev'ry trade
Save censure — critics all are ready made."

(*k*) "And shall we own such judgment? No — as soon
Seek roses in December — ice in June;
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,
Believe a woman, or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that 's false, before
You trust in critics."

(*l*) "It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded
Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,
Which then seems as if the whole earth it bounded,
Circling all nature, hush'd and dim and still,
With the far mountain-crescent half-surrounded
On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill
Upon the other, and the rosy sky,
With one star sparkling through it like an eye.

"And thus they wander'd forth, and hand in hand,
Over the shining pebbles and the shells,
Gliding along the smooth and harden'd sand;
And, in the worn and wild receptacles
Work'd by the storms, yet work'd as it were plann'd,
In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and cells,
They turn'd to rest: and, each clasp'd by an arm,
Yielded to the deep twilight's purple charm."

(*m*) "'T is time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it has ceased to move:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love.

"My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone."

(*n*) "If thou regrett'st thy youth — *why live?* —
The land of honorable death
Is here: — up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

"Seek out — less often sought than found —
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest."

ANSWERS.

1. Haidée. 2. "Don Juan." 3. (*a*) Lady Byron; (*b*) Lady Blessington; (*c*) The Countess Guiccioli (there are those, however, who think that "Aurora Raby" personates Lady Byron as Byron first knew her); (*d*) "Thyrza," but who Thyrza was is quite unknown. 4. The Countess Guiccioli and his sister Mrs. Leigh. 5. His wife. 6. Goethe. 7. (*a*) "The Prisoner of Chillon"; (*b*) "Mazeppa's Ride"; (*c*) "Ode to Napoleon"; (*d*) "To Thomas Moore"; (*e*) the same; (*f*) "Cain"; (*g*) "To Woman," in "Hours of Idleness"; (*h*) "The first Kiss of Love," in the same; (*i*) "To Marion," in the same; (*j*) "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers"; (*k*) the same; (*l*) Haidée wandering with Juan, in "Don Juan"; (*m*) Lines composed by Lord Byron in Greece — being the last he ever composed — "MISSOLONGHI, January 22, 1824. On this day I complete my thirty-sixth year"; (*n*) the concluding stanzas of the same.

STUDY OUTLINE FOR CLUBS AND CIRCLES.

1. Read the "Biographical Study" as herein contained.

2. If further biographical details are needed they will be found in two excellent books: (1) "The Life of Lord Byron" by the Hon. Roden Noel, in the "Great Writers" series; and (2) Nichol's "Byron" in the "English Men of Letters" series. A very good and sympathetic account of Byron is given by the late Professor Minto in the article on "Byron" in the "Encyclopedia Britannica," which every one should read who can possibly get access to it. The article on "Byron" by Leslie Stephen in the "Dictionary of National Biography" will be found to contain almost all the known important facts concerning Byron's life and work. Of course the standard biography of Byron is his "Life and Letters" by Thomas Moore, a work for which Moore was paid by the publisher, John Murray, 4 000 guineas ($20,000). The American edition is published by Harper & Brothers.

3. Reference is made in the "Biographical Study" to an article bearing on the question of the cause of the separation of Lady Byron from Lord Byron, written by the late Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. This article, entitled, "The True Story of Lady Byron's Life," was published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1869. It is very painful reading to all lovers of Byron's name and fame, but it is a too important contribution to the controversy that has arisen over the causes of the separation to be forgotten, or wholly ignored.

4. For a study of Byron's poetry, the first thing the student should do is to read the selections given in the present volume. These, on the whole, give a very fair idea of Byron's poetical power and range, apart from his power and range as a satiric writer. For club work it is difficult beyond such selections as are here given to make recommendations. Much of Byron's best work is too long for club study; and much of it is otherwise unsuited, at least for study in mixed classes. Perhaps the one best work of Byron's for

class study is the Fourth Canto of "Childe Harold." An excellent edition of "Childe Harold" for class use is the one annotated by Dr. W. J. Rolfe, and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; another is that edited by H. F. Tozer, and published by the Clarendon Press.

5. Other poems that are very representative of Byron are: "The Prisoner of Chillon," "The Bride of Abydos," "Mazeppa," and "The Giaour." If one should like to read some of "Don Juan" the first four cantos of that long poem are perhaps as good as any. They certainly contain some of the very finest verses Byron ever wrote. But they are to be read privately, and only by those whose minds and judgments are mature. Critics universally agree in describing Byron's characterization of Haidée as one of the most beautiful things in literature. From the seventh to the tenth canto the poem is not so good as it is in other parts, nor are the fifth and sixth cantos equal to the general level of the opening four cantos and the closing cantos.

6. No real lover of Byron will be satisfied with anything less than a complete edition of Byron's poems. But even those who like complete editions like also a well-made selection. Of the "selections," perhaps the best is that edited by Matthew Arnold and published in the "Golden Treasury" series by the Macmillan Company. This edition is also specially valuable because of its introductory essay.

7. For critical estimates of Byron the student is presented in the present volume with a fair selection of some of the best. If further critical appreciation is needed the biographical works above quoted all contain excellent critical chapters. In the fourth volume of Ward's "English Poets" is an excellent critical estimate of Byron by John Addington Symonds, in which Byron's position among the world's great poets is carefully considered. Critical estimates of great value will also be found in John Morley's "Critical Essays," in Swinburne's "Essays and Studies" (Scribners), and in Dowden's "Studies in Literature" (Scribners).

8. Hattie Tyng Griswold's sketch of Byron in "Home Life of Great Authors" (A. C. McClurg & Co.) and the descriptions of Byron's homes, etc., in Dr. T. F. Wolfe's "A Literary Pilgrimage" (J. B. Lippincott Co.) will be found admirable for reading aloud in clubs and circles.

9. Every one should try to glance over if not to read the Countess Guiccioli's "Recollections of Lord Byron" (Harpers). It is

scarcely too much to say that it was the Countess Guiccioli that saved Byron from himself, and the world of literature owes her a great debt, unfortunate as her career in some respects was.

10. Lastly, Macaulay's essay on "Byron" is one of the cleverest things Macaulay ever wrote, and, though the judgments of the essay are not always sound, they are nearly enough so to be generally acceptable. Every member of a Home Study Circle should read this admirable essay.



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